VOGUE

60c

NOVEMBER 1



THE GLORIOUS COAT:

new way
to look
marvellous
at night

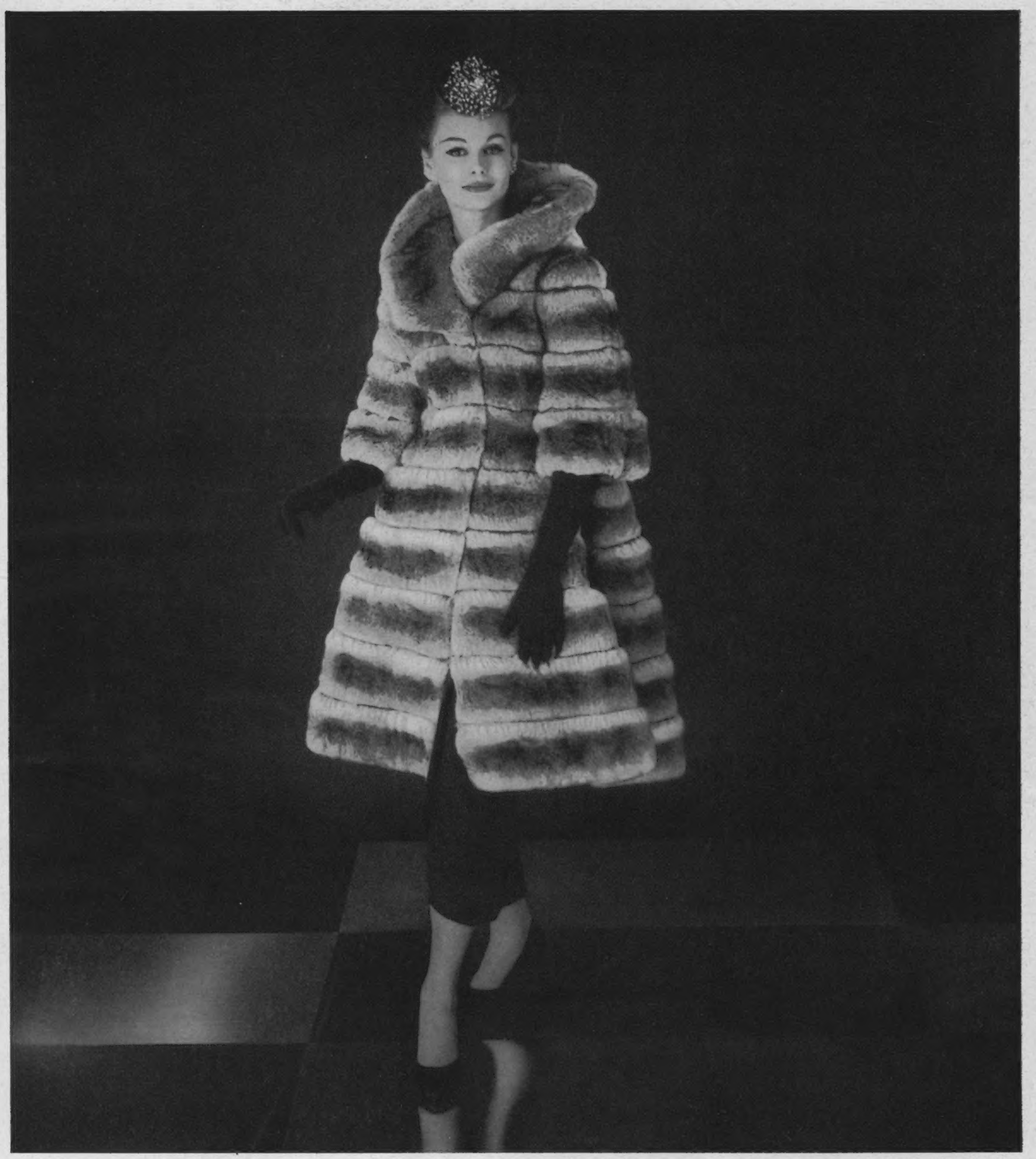
ADVANCE RETAIL TRADE SUPPLEMENT

Opposite page 22



RENA . . . 100% virgin cashmere in DALTON'S new fashion silhouette . . . with it's own matching doeskin flannel skirt

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in
every
drop



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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

NOVEMBER 1, 1958

COVER

Opening up a whole new avenue of night looks:
the glorious coat idea over a splinter of
day-length dress. Other new avenue to beauty:
the glorious red dazzle of Revlon's
new lipstick, Fifth Avenue Red.
Here, the coat idea in
green and gold quilted brocade,
day-dress length, what-could-be-simpler shape.
By Originala. Lipstick and coat at
Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel;
Hudson's; I. Magnin.



KAREN RADKAI

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Whole No. 2018



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Softly draped necklace of eighteen karat gold woven mesh,

wound with paths of Tiffany diamonds. Thirty five hundred dollars.

Ribbon bow clip to match, eight hundred seventy five dollars. Prices include federal tax.

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'Intimate'... a fragrance cherished as one of the world's seven great fragrances.

Fragrance extraordinaire... heady... lingering. 'Intimate' never shouts

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in his
eye is

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This is your dream of a red...created

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...a look of *perfect elegance.*



In Revlon's extra-creamy 'Lustrous'
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The lipstick case is a fabulous 'Futurama'—
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Study in Brown by VANITY FAIR, our fashionably rich new neutrals. Nylon tricot slip in Topaz, short length shown (also average, tall), 12.95



VOGUE *idea sheet*

Previewed here—**THE NEXT FASHION POINTS TO WATCH**—from November 1 VOGUE.
The "Vogue says" quotes on the reverse side of this page can be used in
your newspaper advertisements to indicate what is currently making fashion news.

THE GLORIOUS COAT . . . putting a blaze of beauty on the outside (and on the cover of Vogue)—
to wear with a splinter of a dress . . . 10 pages of day-length evening clothes (pages 96-105).

NEW FASHION REALISTS . . . 10 easy, untricked looks wearable by any woman in
the fashion present (pages 116-121).

WONDER COATS . . . four all-purpose day coats, mobile on the figure, mobile in the
fashion life (pages 128-131).

More VOGUE fashion points to watch

Mixed caramels—new country colours in cardigans, pull-overs, and slacks (pages 133-135).

Printed overblouses—this year's suit extenders (pages 138-139).

Peignoirs and nightgowns in black and white (pages 142-143).

Big little evening looks for Mrs. Exeter—
flattering clothes for the woman of a certain age (pages 144-145).

FASHIONS IN LIVING: New ways to look a Christmas list in the face—with small classic tables,
silver, note paper (pages 156-159).

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VOGUE, NOVEMBER 1, 1958, VOL. 132, NO. 8

Use these "Vogue says" quotes to present *your own* fashion story—in newspaper advertisements, window and interior displays, and fashion shows.

ABOUT THE GLORIOUS COAT

Vogue says: "The glorious day-length coat—at night"

Vogue says: "The glorious coat—with a splinter of a dress"

Vogue says: "The glorious coat runs a season's evening on beauty power"

Vogue says: "A tiny toque—with the glorious coat"

Vogue says: "Pale satin slippers—with the glorious coat"

Vogue says: "Velvet slippers—with the glorious coat"

ABOUT THE FASHION REALISTS

Vogue says: "Fashion realists—wearable by any woman in the fashion present"

Vogue says: "Fashion realists—for ninety-nine figures out of a hundred"

About the wonder coats

Vogue says: "Wonder coat—mobile on the figure, in the fashion life"

Vogue says: "Wonder coats—daytime situation handlers"

About the mixed caramels

Vogue says: "Mixed caramels—newest, dashingest look in the country"

About printed blouses

Vogue says: "This year's suit—opening out on printed blouses"

About black and white peignoirs and nightgowns

Vogue says: "Black peignoir, white nightgown—new and ravishing"

About Mrs. Exeter

Vogue says: "Dress and jacket plan—for little evenings"

Vogue says: "Shimmery shirtwaist dress—for don't-dress dinners"

Vogue says: "Veiling hat for evenings"

About beauty

Vogue says: "A new floral fragrance—liquid voltage"

About fashions in living—Christmas presents

Vogue says: "Small classic table—1958 house present"

Vogue says: "Unbeatable present—a little or a lot of silver"

Vogue says: "Monogrammed letter papers—on the Christmas list"

YOUR RELEASE DATE: OCTOBER 30

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SOUTHWEST AFRICAN PERSIAN LAMB

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as the testimonial
of the thousands of women
who keep coming back
for them
again—and again
—and again!



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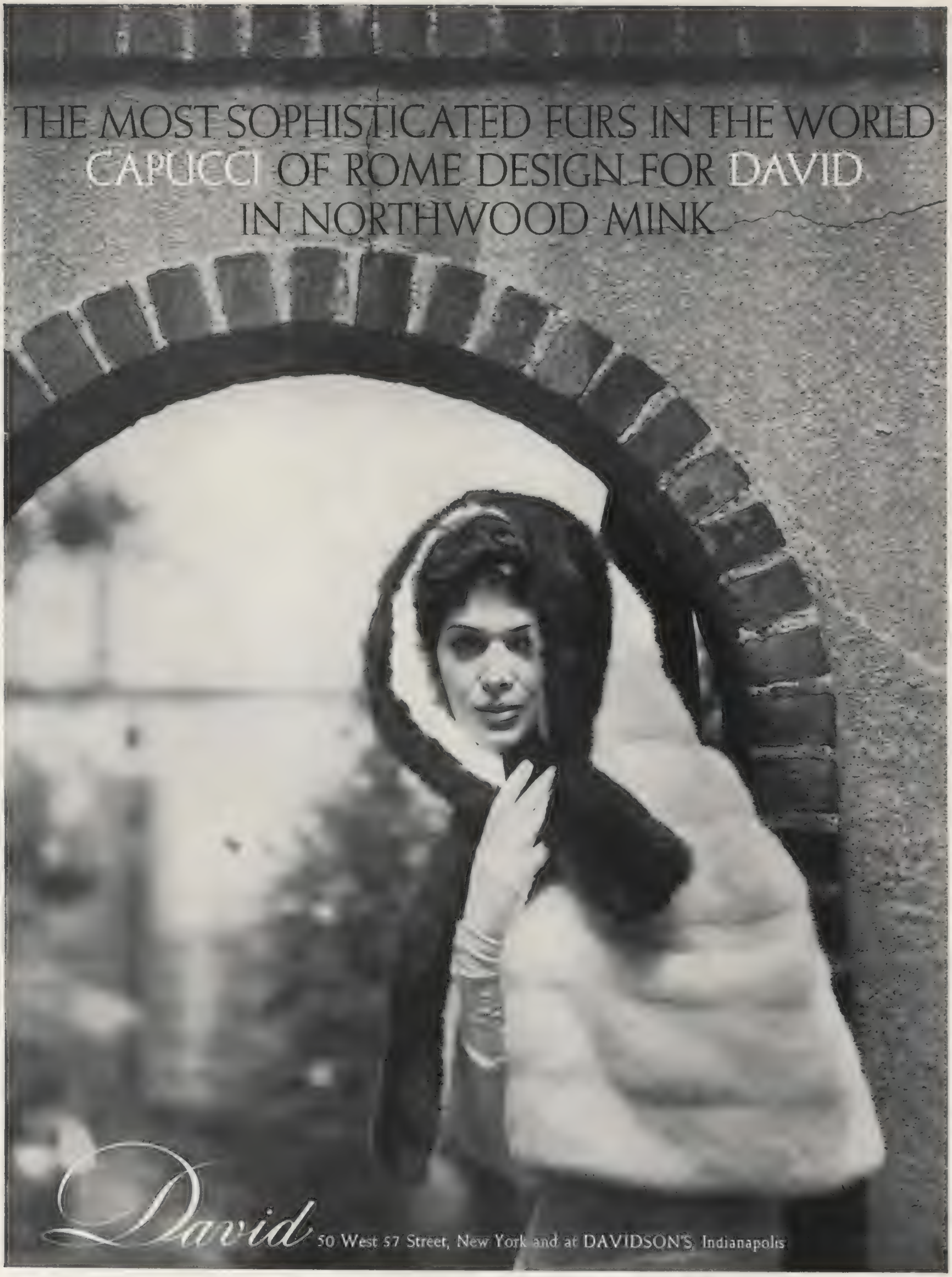
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captures the appeal

of Empire charm

in the smooth gloss of

Fouke-dyed Black

Alaska Fur Seal



$1450 plus tax

Georges

Kaplan

730 Fifth Avenue, New York

A Small Hotel

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the third Bradshaw in Vogue. The second, his splendid short story, "The Painting Wouldn't Fit in the Stove," published in the November 1, 1957, issue, has now been included in the Martha Foley annual anthology,* Best American Short Stories of 1958.

On the night of July 5, 1956, in New York City, an actor who had just appeared in a television show arrived back at his apartment. It was his intention to catch some sleep, get up at a reasonable hour, and make the rounds of agents and producers in search of another job.

But in his bedroom he noticed that the cleaning woman who had been there that day had carefully misplaced almost every object she had laid her hands on. It is a thing cleaning women do. His eyes, roaming the room, came to rest on a book which had been under something and was now on top of something. It was one of his, a scrapbook from the beginning of his career fifteen or sixteen years before. He went over and opened it. It is a thing actors do.

On almost the first page he turned to was a newspaper photograph of himself, attached to a review of some forgotten summer-stock production. It was a good photograph, young, dashing, confident. And one line of the review was marked off in heavy black pencil. "We predict," it said, "that in five years he will be as well known as Tyrone Power. With the equipment he already has he can be a star on Broadway and in Hollywood."

The actor closed the book, but instead of going to bed, he went into his living room, where he mixed himself a gin and tonic.

Then he sat down, and in the hot, airless New York night, he deliberately began to think. Now thinking is an exercise no one allows himself often, as it is uncomfortable, but for the actor this was a bout that had been coming on a long time, and the newspaper photograph had served simply to force the event.

There were these opposing factors in his life: he was by no means a star either on Broadway or in Hollywood, he had furthermore—count the years as he would—passed his fortieth birthday; *but* he was determined to spend the rest of his life pleasurably and profitably.

Finally, as a summer clock somewhere struck three, he came to the only possible conclusion: he must change his line of work and change it fast. This is a conclusion, of course, that many people come to on many blurry midnights, but the next day, the actor, somewhat to his own surprise, adhered to the logic; he cancelled his appointments, rented his apartment, applied for a passport, and within two weeks found himself aboard a freighter bound for Italy.

On that same July night—or the one before or the one after—a young lawyer in Sarasota, Florida, walked home in the late bright twilight, frowning. To say that he was a lawyer is correct, but only just; he had got out of law school all right, but then had come three years in the Navy, so that the brute facts of a lawyer's life had always been a prospect rather than a reality. Until, that is, that very afternoon. Then, not three hours before, he had been invited to join a firm of attorneys here in Sarasota.

He arrived home. "Home" was a thirty-eight-foot sport fishing boat, where there lived, in a pleasant disarray of tackle, books, and diapers, a wife and two sons. It was the only home of his own he had ever had: at the very start of his marriage, he and his wife, appalled at the rents demanded in Norfolk, where he was stationed, had plunged and made a down payment on a boat. It was to have been only a temporary solution, but it had proved so pleasant and so convenient that they had never thought again of living on land.

But now decisions, decisions. Lawyering would mean the end of this life: the leisurely trip to Haiti would be off, there would be no more lounging along the Keys, no more tarpon fishing, no more sun on blue water, no more boat; for lawyering would require a sensible life in a house on land and a strict two weeks' vacation.

The lawyer said to his wife, "I have half a mind to turn them down."

"Why don't you?" she said.

If he did that—they both knew—there was still one small point unsolved. Where was the money to come from?

"Shall we take the chance?" the lawyer asked.

At seven o'clock sharp on that approximate day, in London, England, a barber left the shop in Harrods department store where he worked and took the usual crowded bus to his home. The weather was cold and rainy, as it was summer, and he felt, as he had felt a thousand times before, that he would like to be somewhere else.

He had always had the urge to travel. Before the war he had hitchhiked to every country in Europe, and ever since the war he had managed to get with his family somewhere on the continent every year for the holidays.

He had always come back, of course. He was a responsible man, the head of a family, age forty-three. There were his sons with their futures impending: the elder was already, although just sixteen, a barber like his father, and the younger was an apprentice cook in the kitchens of a Belgravia restaurant. They could hardly be expected to accommodate themselves to anything except the solid foundations of London.

And yet, and yet. . . .

This might have been an evening like any other, with a calming effect from dinner and the television, and a gradual resignation to comfort, but it was not. For on that evening he had brought home with him an extravagance, a new atlas of the world.

Long after everyone else was in bed, he sat up examining his book. Its pages were to him not blue and green maps, but a green land and a blue sea, a place—oh, who can describe the city dweller's vision of the country—a good place where he and his family could find a future.

There must be, he was certain, some place.

On the Saturday night of that decisive week, a young man with a fortunate face went to a dinner party on the Main Line in Philadelphia.

He was a salesman for a cheese company, and successful; his territory covered the whole state of Pennsylvania. As a handsome Philadelphia bachelor, he was in a good spot.

Or it had never occurred to him, until that night, that he was not. But at the dinner party he met an old friend of his, a man who had been away from Philadelphia for some years and was now a vice-president of Pan American Airways in London.

The friend said to him, with no more motive than polite curiosity, "You're set, then? You've got it made? This is what you want?" and the salesman, in the act of lifting his head and smiling and forming his lips to say "yes," stopped. It was a question no one had ever asked him, which, in fact, he had never asked himself.

"No," he said.

No: a lifetime on the road? A lifetime of leaving Monday morning and not getting home till Friday night?

"No," he said.

Just what he *did* want he could not say. He had never thought beyond a happy tomorrow or that sweet pay check.

"No," he said.

He drove home that midnight in a daze. I must be out of my mind, he thought. I have a wonderful life. Why should I want anything else?

These four stories are real stories, about real people with real faces and real names.

They had one thing in common: a longing, call it, or wishful thinking, or even just a certain irritability with the present. This is a quality, of course, which does not much set them apart from their fellows—the man who dreams of a little extracurricular glory is a pretty typical citizen.

Where these four differed—this actor, lawyer, barber, and salesman—from the majority of their kind was in that, instead of waking up from their irritable dreams and going on with the present, they woke up and acted. And the fact that they acted unknowingly in concert makes the rest of the story.

Let us go back to the actor, Craig Kelly. He spent a pleasant couple of months in Italy and then flew home. His determination to get himself into a new line of work was still as firm as it had been when he left.

(Continued on page 54)


KITCHEN
TREASURES
Hunt's
TOMATO
CATSUP
HUNT
FOR
THE BEST
MADE IN FRANCE

Du Barry discovered it!

"THE MISSING PINK"

Dress by Frank Starr

THE SHOCKINGLY-BEAUTIFUL WINTER PINK YOU'VE SPENT A LIFETIME LOOKING FOR!

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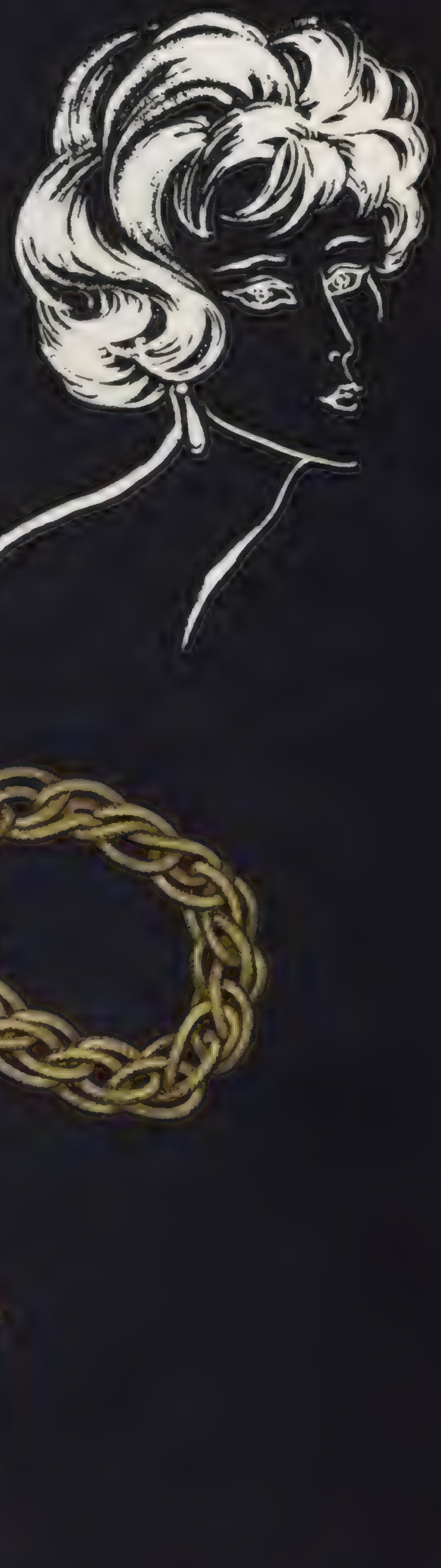
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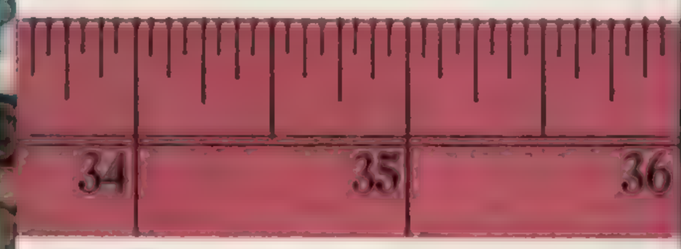
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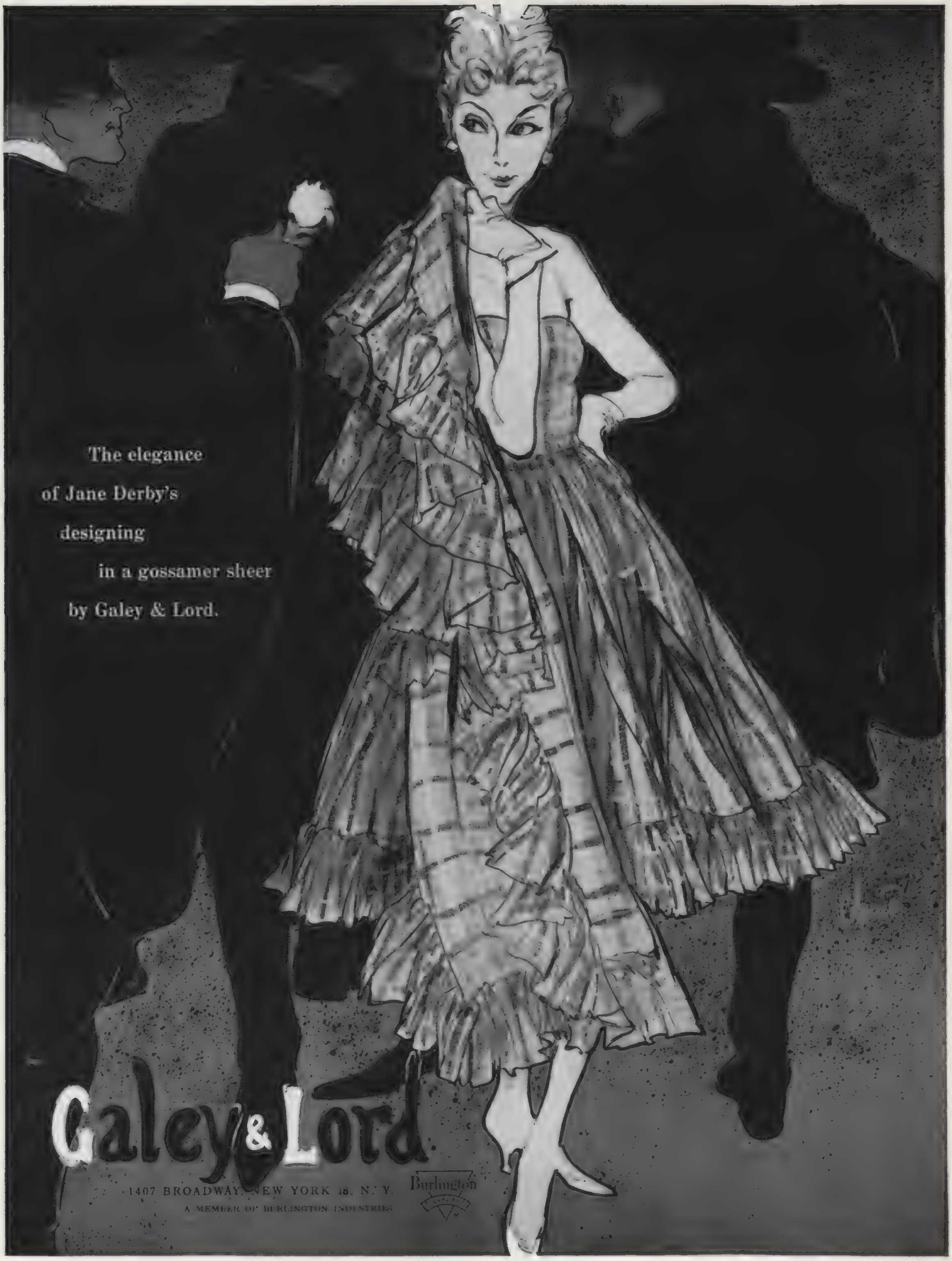


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A SMALL HOTEL

(Continued from page 30)

In the plane home he caught cold. It turned into flu. It hung on. His brother, who had a house in the Bahamas, persuaded Kelly that the only way he could get rid of the flu was to come sit in the sun. The time was November.

He flew South. His brother's house was on Eleuthera, one of the lesser known of the Bahamas, about seventy-five miles from Nassau. Eleuthera is a bent twig of an island, a hundred or so miles long and only two or three wide. The United States has leased a little piece of it as a missile-tracking base, but for the most part it is a farming island—cows, chickens, vegetables, pineapples. It has nothing you could really call a telephone and only an occasional electric light, but its beaches are superb, its water a bright apple green and cobalt, and its sunshine a blessing.

Seven or eight miles from the Kelly house was a little inn, French Leave, set in a grove of casuarina trees and palms, along a mile of curving pink beach. One night the brothers drove there for dinner.

During the evening, Craig Kelly found, by coincidence, that French Leave had that day been put up for sale. After dinner he looked over the buildings and inspected the grounds and the beach. He went home that night, talked some with his brother, and the next day bought French Leave.

An actor running a hotel? It sounds—on the surface—like the *non sequitur* of all time. But consider a hotel: it has more than you might think in common with a theatre. The public must be attracted first of all, and once inside, it must be amused and pleased. A hotel is indeed a nonstop attraction on which the curtain is never down, and in which the owner plays a never-ending star-part.

In any case, Kelly had been looking for a new career that would satisfy him; in the hotel he found it, and was lucky enough to recognize this instantly. Three weeks after he had made the bargain, on December 17, he opened the doors on French Leave, Craig Kelly, Prop.

The young lawyer, Stephen Smith.

After various sorties into making money around Sarasota—none of which particularly interested him—Smith decided that what he must do was exploit his principal assets: his boat, his knowledge of the sea, his love of fishing.

He was familiar with Philip Wylie's heroes, Crunch and Des, who seemed to make a pretty enough living, so why should not he, who was tall and blond and friendly with sailfish, try his hand at being a charter-boat captain?

He found a list of the hundreds of hotels and clubs in the Caribbean area, and for a starter wrote off to twenty of them, offering his services. By coincidence French Leave was among those twenty.

Of the replies that Smith got, Kelly's sounded the most promising. He wrote again, Kelly replied again, and in due time the matter became serious. Finally Smith stowed his wife, babies, diapers, reading matter, and fishing tackle neatly into the boat "Ballyhoo," and set out for Eleuthera. There, his personal cargo established in a house on the harbour, he found himself in business on blue water.

He was the second.

French Leave was successful from the start, too successful, in fact. Kelly couldn't accommodate all the guests. So he began at once to extend, remodel, and build. There were, of course, problems connected with such an expansion and Kelly found it necessary to fly to London to solve them. There he again stayed with his brother, who in real life, when he was away from the Bahamas, was a vice-president of Pan American Airways.

While in London, Kelly took the opportunity to have his hair cut. On Eleuthera the opportunities were limited. There was no barber.

So, when a friend said, "I have a wonderful barber. Go to Harrods. Ask for Hughie Young," Kelly went and did.

And under the circumstances it was not surprising that he said to Mr. Young, "You don't know a barber who would like to come out to the Bahamas, do you?"

What Mr. Young said was

(Continued on page 71)



see *all* my lace-lavished blouses at better stores everywhere, including:

Burger-Phillips	Birmingham, Ala.
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Libson Shops, Inc.	St. Louis, Mo.
Abraham & Straus	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.	Buffalo, N. Y.
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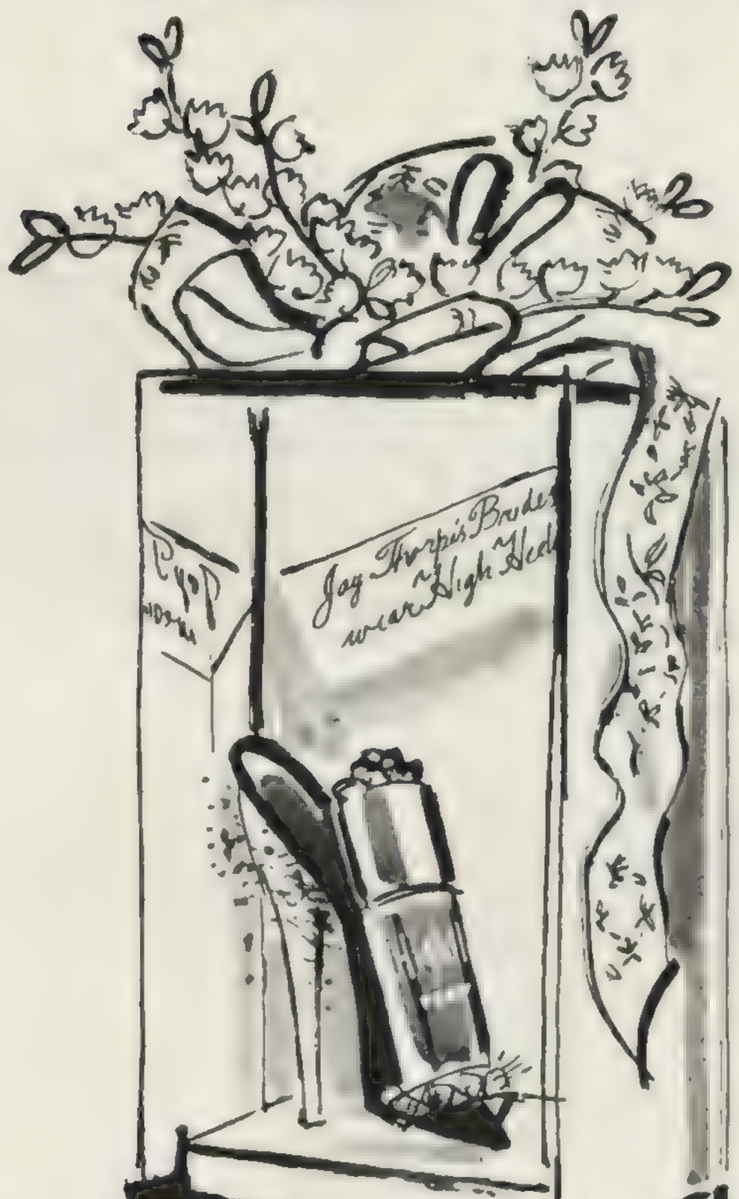
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How to catch a cab in Paris

BY LEANDER J. McCORMICK

There are various aspects of this problem that do not immediately "jump to the eye," as they say in France. In fact, the average explorers of the Parisian scene, those who are adventuring for the first time into the "City of Light," certainly do not realize that there is a problem. How could they? Even those who know Paris well but have not been there lately are unaware that the taxi imbroglio is engaging the best brains in France, and has got them so twisted they may never be able to be used again.

When you mention this situation to a novice traveller, he is astonished. "How does the problem arise?" asks the tenderfoot. "Surely they must have taxis in Paris?" Of course they have, my dear tenderfoot—about 12,500 of them. The trouble is they are never there when you want them. Suppose you don't need a taxi, well, you can not get away from the darn things. They will chase you off the streets when you start to cross, and splash mud on you the moment you set foot on the sidewalk. It's as much as your life is worth to go out in Paris when taxis are available.

By this time, the tenderfoot asks where the taxis are at times when you want them. I will reply at once that they are often there in the streets, barrelling along at somewhere between sixty and seventy miles per hour. They are unoccupied. When you wave frantically at them, the cabbies will probably see you waving, and will give you the coldest stare you have ever had stared at you. Then they will increase speed ten miles an hour and disappear from sight.

Where are they going? It depends on the hour. If it is about noon, just when you have a date for a drink with some friends and badly need a taxi, it is exactly then that all the cabbies are on their way home for lunch. "A man must eat," one of them explained. "My wife is cooking a duck for me." This is a tip-off to why there are no taxis during the middle part of the day. In the evening, about six, when you have a date for cocktails, the cabbies are hurrying to turn in their cars for the night shift. There is no use looking for a cab for the next two or three hours—just forget about it.

Then there is the emergency that arises when your wife says, "John, call a taxi, I think we should go and visit Napoleon's tomb." It's strange, but there are never any taxis about at such times. I have never heard of a husband being able to find a taxi when his wife wants to visit Napoleon's tomb.

That is demoralizing enough, but here is another kind of rebuff. You have, for instance, been to see a film about how a worldly old roué tries to seduce a young girl, but eventually her sweet innocence is triumphant, and he finds no other solution except to marry her. After seeing a film like that, you will require a taxi to go and get a drink at the Ritz bar. You are delighted when, on coming out of the theatre, you see a long line of unoccupied cabs standing in the middle of the Champs-Élysées. Walking along the pavement to a position opposite the first in line, you give a whistle. The driver is reading a newspaper and somehow does not hear you. You whistle again. Nothing happens. You yell, "TAXI!" at the top of your voice. He continues to read the paper, which you can see is a copy of *L'Équipe*, a paper devoted exclusively to sport. You give him up and try the next man. Well, the whole line is reading *L'Équipe*, and they are all deaf.

At a tremendous risk, you cross to the middle of the Champs-Élysées and say very loudly to the first taxi, "Ritz Hôtel," being careful to omit the *H*—it's pronounced, "Reetso Tell." The cabby, never even raising his eyes from *L'Équipe*, merely waggles a finger at you. It is his way of indicating that there are no dice.

At this point, if the customer insists, the driver will jerk his thumb towards the flag on his metre. It is then seen that the flag

(Continued on page 67)



Glittery legs. Lacy legs. Leafy legs. Embroidered legs, striped legs, legs in leotard-stockings and the maddest of *all* legs: in the-stocking-that's-part-of-its-shoe. This year, you'll change stockings when you change costumes . . . turn every ensemble into a talk-maker . . . prove you *dare* to set the pace in fashion. What makes it possible? Today's better-than-ever nylon yarn. Right now, a good share of that yarn is the product of the only wholly unified plant, the most modern research facilities, the most exciting name in the industry: The Chemstrand Corporation.

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Above: #8083. Sand Dune/Crème Beige or Black/Primrose Pink. 32 to 38. *Left:* #8891. Crystal Green-Aqua Lily/Ecru or Sand Dune/Ecru. 32 to 36. Each, $14.95.

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FLORIDA

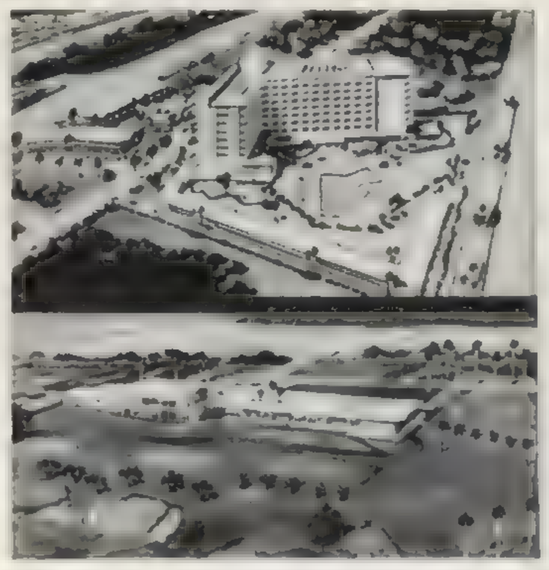
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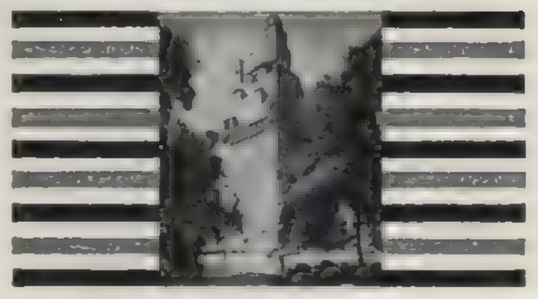
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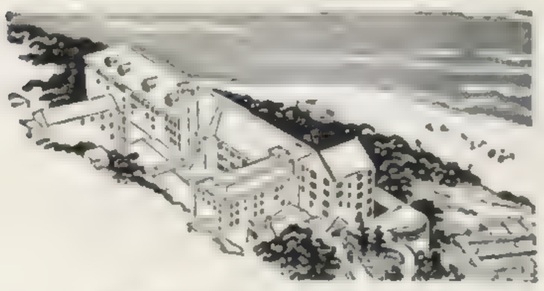


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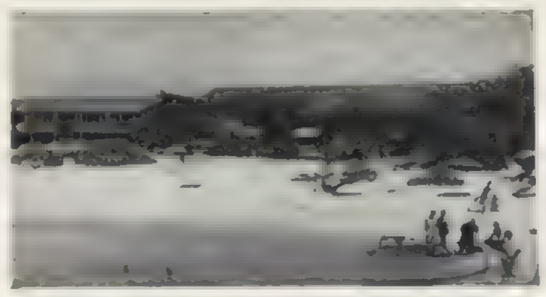
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CATCH A CAB

(Continued from page 58)

has a small black leather cover over it. On the cover is scrawled in chalk: Ivry, Vanves, Drancy, or some such meaningless word.

This little black flag is one of the major curiosities of the taxi situation in Paris. It means the cabby is willing to take you if you are going *his* way. He doesn't care where you want to go so long as it is to Ivry, Vanves, or whatever.

Now here is a situation that beats anything. There is this American girl called "Beauty" by her friends. but her real name is Betty. She is wearing a new dress, and is walking along the Champs-Élysées.

Just then it starts raining. She hurries to the edge of the sidewalk, glances down the line of cabs and notices that every one of them has the black flag flying. This looks like a disaster for her dress. At that moment. she sees a taxi idling leisurely along towards her, and there is no doubt that the flag is in the free position. When it is within five yards she catches the driver's eye, smiles at him, and signals him to stop. The cab continues slowly past her, and the cabby does not even smile back.

"Why didn't the cabby smile back?" you ask. Well, so many pretty girls have smiled at these taxi drivers that they have become immune to smiles. This girl would have been smarter if she had made a face and stuck out her tongue at the man.

There are all sorts of peculiarities about these taxi ranks. One day you approach a rank at an off hour and, for the hell of it, decide you will take a cab. You haven't been able to catch one for three weeks, and you would like to see what it feels like to rest your feet. You go up to the first taxi in the line and say—you almost always say this, by the way—"Reetso Tell." The cabby will look at you as though you had said, "To the North Pole." or "To the Belgian Congo." You repeat "Reetso Tell" about four times, varying the inflection a bit each time. Finally, he catches on and exclaims, *"Ah, Reetso Tell!"* With joy you scream, *"Oui, oui, Reetso Tell."* You are just getting into the cab when the driver jerks his thumb backwards. By golly, he isn't going to take you. You look at his flag. There is no cover on it, but he has decided he won't take you. He mumbles some excuse

(Continued on page 72)

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A SMALL HOTEL

(Continued from page 54)

"Possibly," for he had the proper Londoner's scepticism.

What Mr. Young says now is, "You hear so many fairy stories in a barber shop, I didn't *dare* hope."

But Kelly pursued and the Youngs listened. The boys were, of course, ecstatic, but Mrs. Young was worried. Here was the precipice they had so often approached, but to look over is one thing, to jump is another. Kelly came to see them with maps and photographs and sweet talk, and, finally, their fears were dissolved. "In the end," Mr. Young says, "quite honestly, I was ready to go even if it meant sweeping the streets."

So, at the right time, the Youngs took off for the island: Mr. Young to run the hairdressing shop, one son to assist him, the other to work as an apprentice in the kitchens, and Mrs. Young to act as housekeeper for the inn.

They were third.

The fourth was really the easiest of all. One night Kelly said to his brother, "I've got to have someone to help me. Someone attractive, who will be good with the guests. . . ."

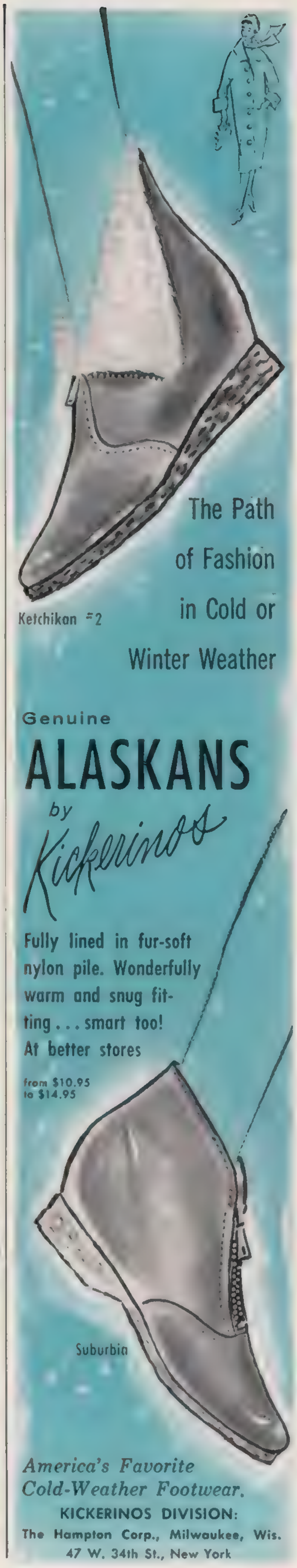
The reader will remember that it was a vice-president of Pan American Airways who was at that Philadelphia dinner party. "I know a fellow," he said. "Jack Shaw. . . ."

A letter was sent off to Jack Shaw and when Kelly returned to French Leave, Shaw came for a look. From the start he was a push-over. He had barely set foot on the island when all thoughts of Cheddar and Stilton left his head. He liked the place, he liked the people, he liked the job.

He had but to return home and shake the respectable dust of the Main Line out of his belongings and Jack Shaw was back on Eleuthera as assistant manager of French Leave.

I am under no delusion that

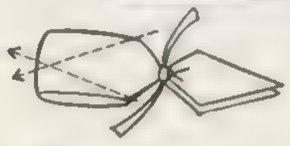
(Continued on page 72)



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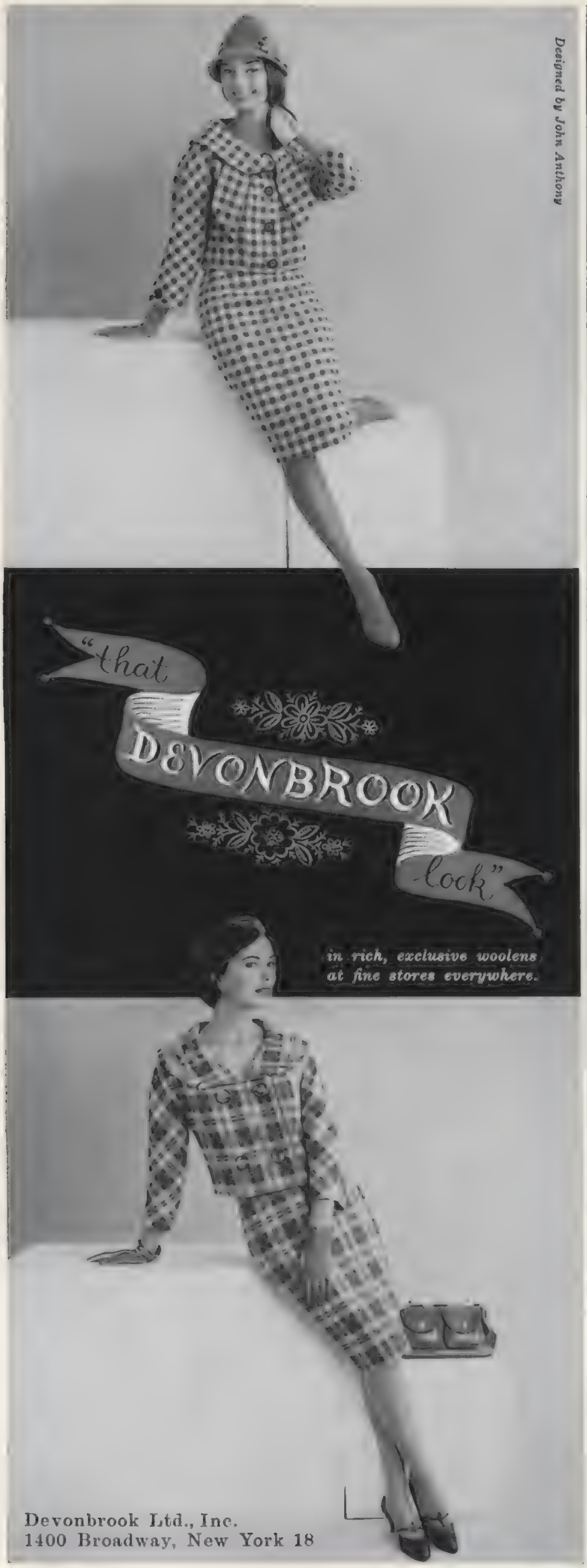


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A SMALL HOTEL

(Continued from page 71)

I am writing about a new trend in our conformist civilization or that I have found evidence that the pioneer spirit is not dead. No. Here, simply, are the stories of four people whose dissatisfaction with the present led them to the adventure of change. Their ages varied widely—they were in their twenties, thirties, forties—and their conditions were as separate. They illustrate no point.

But there is something heartening about hearing of people who actually make the break. We all like conformity. We all know how pleasant, how comfortable, and, most certainly, how necessary it is. But we all suspect—is it not true?—that, "Maybe if others can do it, I can too. Maybe I'm missing something. . . ." They give us the courage to look into the mirror and wonder if the grey flannel suit fits us quite as well as we thought.

HOW TO CATCH A CAB IN PARIS

(Continued from page 67)

that is unintelligible and points at the next cab in line. Well, you get several turn-downs and finally you are accepted by a taxi that is so small inside there isn't even room to swing a mouse.

Nobody is going to believe this one, but I have a witness and can give the date and place. A charming person, named Renée, had gone with me to a movie at an odd hour to avoid the usual crowds. The film finished about ten, which was too late for dinner and too early for supper. I suggested a certain *brasserie* where they have the best oysters in Paris (you ask for Belons Extras) and the best beer in the world (it's draft Urquell Pilsner). There were no taxis anywhere so we dodged into the Métro. Somehow we got mixed up, and emerged at the Wagram station instead of Ternes. It was only when we were above ground that we realized the mistake.

Neither of us felt like going back into the Métro so we began offering up prayers for a cab. It seemed like a minor miracle when the chauffeur of a fine big taxi saw our violent signals and drew up beside us. There was no black flag, but rather ominously he asked where we wanted to go. We said, "Place des Ternes." Slipping in his clutch he said, "That's too near." In another moment his tail-light vanished round a corner. An instant later a second cab drew up. Again we were asked our destination. Then—word of honour—the cabby said, "That's too far," and he also was gone. Never before could we remember having been so near and yet so far. We were starting to walk to the Métro when off in the distance we saw a taxi with the lighted sign on the roof to show it was for hire. Almost at once we realized the cab was making for us. The driver pulled up, and without asking where we were going, opened the door.

I was about at my twelfth oyster when it suddenly struck me what had happened. We had been importuned by taxis during an interlude when nobody wanted them. It was as simple as that! But was it? On further reflection I decided that the first two who stopped were just teasing us along. The third was undoubtedly one of those easy-mark or sucker cabbies who occasionally allow themselves to be hired. It's like roulette, you can't win.

Personally, I have abandoned completely trying for cabbies at such long odds. I prefer when I have great need for a taxi to concentrate on the three following categories of drivers: (a) Women cabbies (or *chauffeuses*). There are not many of them, but if you spot one, she will take you sixty per cent of the time. Wearing a dark red carnation as a boutonniere helps, or, if you're a woman, a chic hat is an excellent lure. The lady cabbies always want to know where you bought it. (b) White Russian cabbies. These are scarcer than women cabbies, but they talk English, drive with a detached amateur nonchalance that is exhilarating, and will take you eighty per cent of the time. (c) Russian Grand Duke cabbies. These are extremely rare, but they will *always* take you, for with them, you see, it is simply a matter of *noblesse oblige*.



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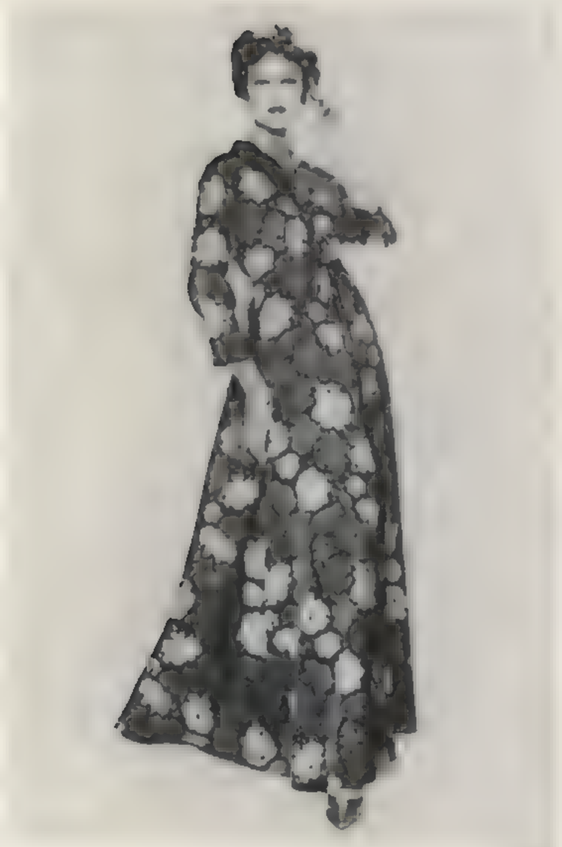


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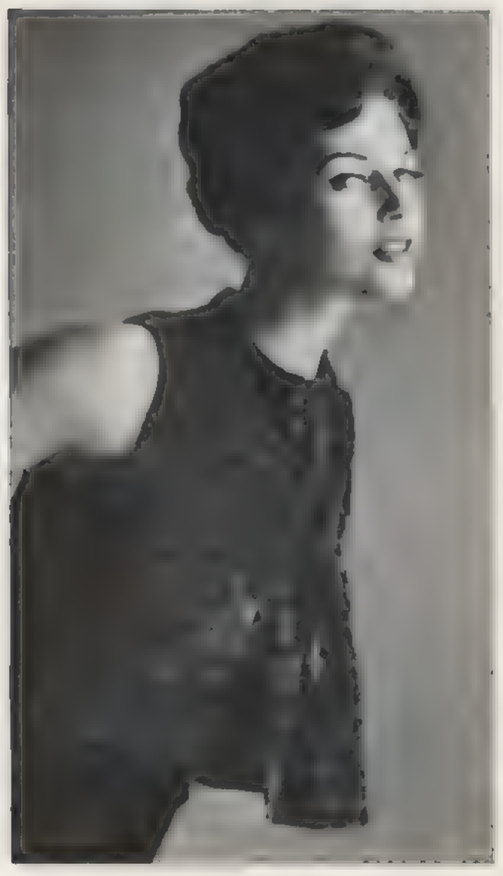


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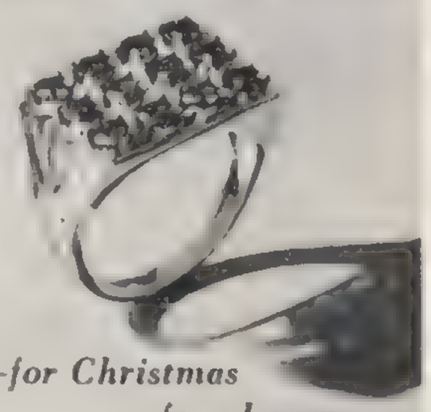
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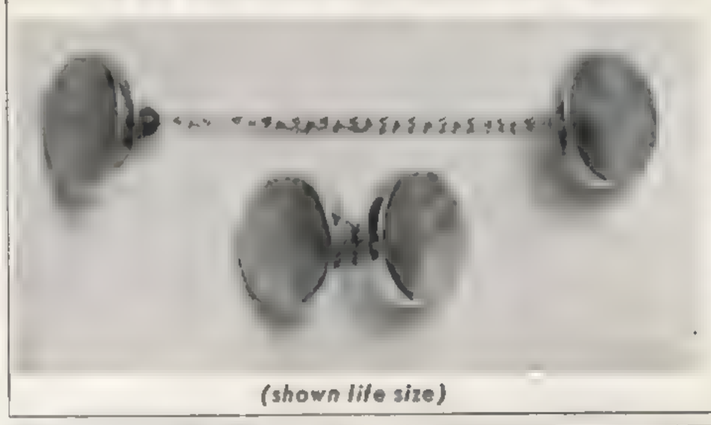
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Weathered brown spots on the surface of your hands and face tell the world you're getting old—perhaps before you really are. Fade them away with new ESOTERICA, that medicated cream that breaks up masses of pigment on the skin, makes hands look white and young again. Equally effective on the face, neck and arms. Not a cover-up. *Acts in the skin—not on it.* Fragrant, greaseless base for softening, lubricating skin as it clears up those blemishes.

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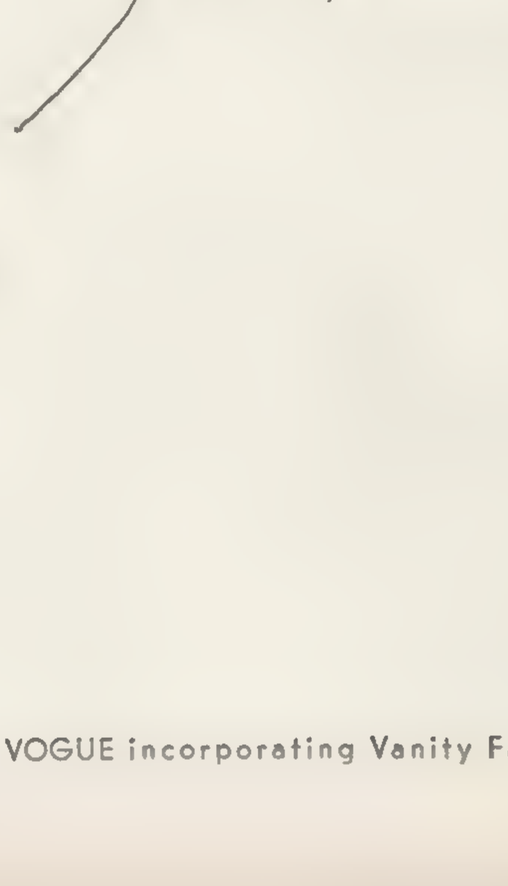


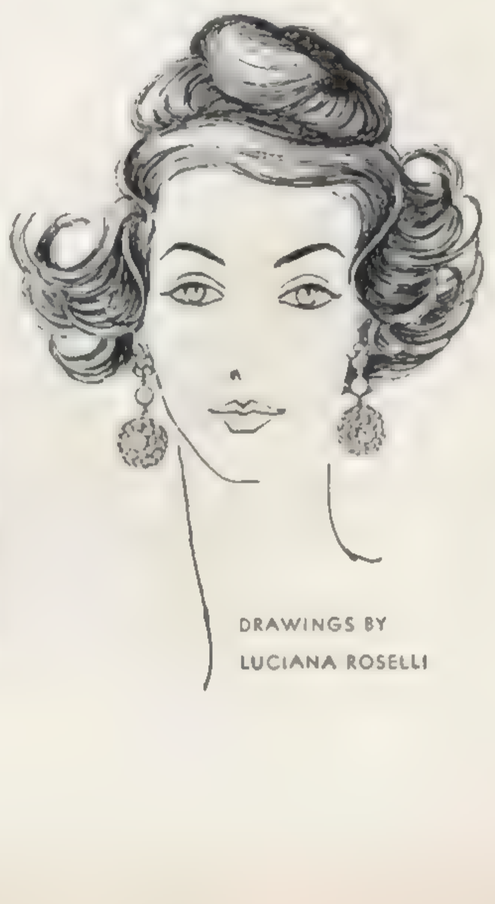
This short cut is one good way to a young, but not baby, look. High at the crown, the hair takes a quick dip at the sides, then turns out. A wisp of bang softens the forehead-line.
V. George, Hair Stylist,
501 Fifth Avenue.
New York 22, New York.

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The balanced tumble of a coif here sweeps up and forward at the back. The bangs: cut to look as though they'd just made a graceful escape.
Guy Hairstylist, 20 East 53 St., New York 22. New York.

Topping off an evening look, the chignon here is in a double-S atop a brushed-out coif. Custom-made of real hair, in three stems. it can also be braided and worn other ways. $10 ppd. To order: sample of hair necessary.
Sylvia, 515 Madison Ave., New York 22. N. Y.





DRAWINGS BY
LUCIANA ROSELLI

HOUND

. . . stocking for the holiday list



Tweezing a breeze with a chrome-plated hair extractor that does all the pulling painlessly, automatically. $2.49 ppd. Fabian of Fifth Avenue, 246 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York.

The veil of flowers. Flattering in any light, this veiling-cap is a good coif-keeper or hat-substitute. In black or navy blue with velvet pansies on the French veiling. $7.50 ppd. Belle, Box 85, Planetarium Station, New York 24, New York.



Jade-green jade hand-cut and polished into three rings of varying widths. 5/16", $12.50; 3/8", $15; 1/2", $20. Specify finger size. Prices ppd., inc. tax. International Gem, 15 Maiden Lane, New York 38, New York.

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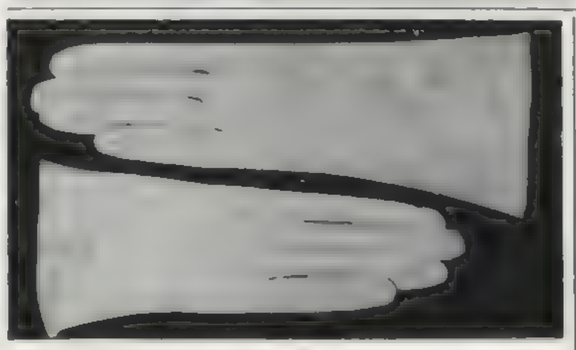
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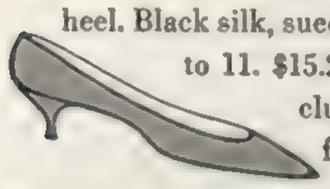
the GAME ROOM 1538 Connecticut Ave. Washington 6, D. C.

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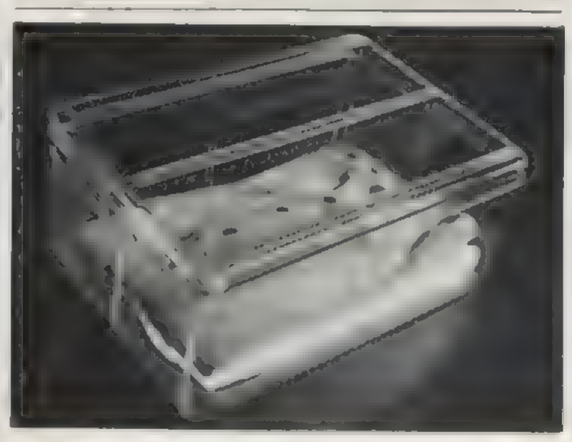
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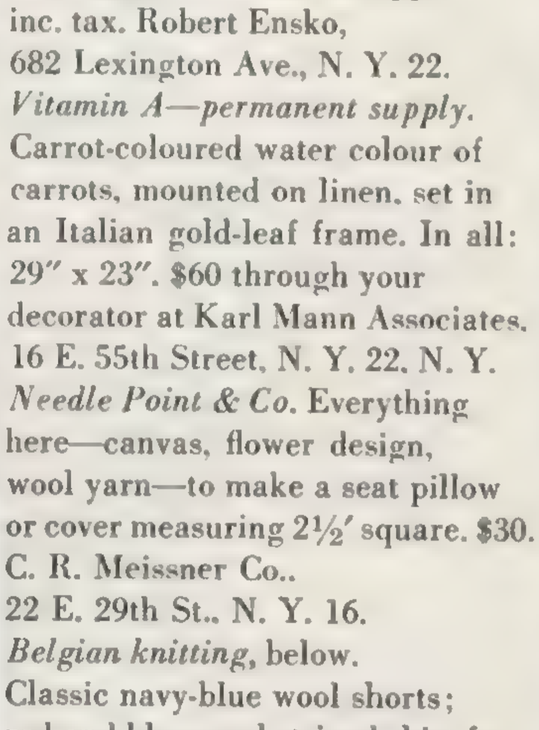
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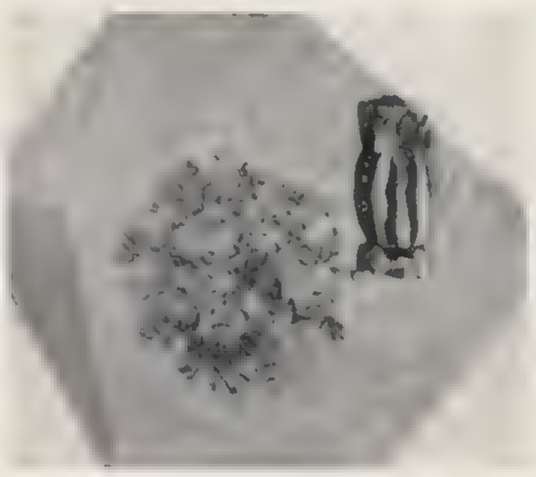


Children's hours, above.
Shockproof, waterproof, presumably childproof: a child's watch with a luminous dial, leather strap, one-year guarantee. $8.98 inc. tax, ppd. Sheffield Swiss watch. Nassau Co., 200 W. 34th St., N. Y. 1.
Sterling idea for tea, right.
Reproduction of a George II tea caddy in silver. 5½" high x 3" wide. $85 ppd., inc. tax. Robert Ensko, 682 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 22.
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Carrot-coloured water colour of carrots, mounted on linen, set in an Italian gold-leaf frame. In all: 29" x 23". $60 through your decorator at Karl Mann Associates. 16 E. 55th Street, N. Y. 22, N. Y.
Needle Point & Co. Everything here—canvas, flower design, wool yarn—to make a seat pillow or cover measuring 2½' square. $30. C. R. Meissner Co., 22 E. 29th St., N. Y. 16.
Belgian knitting, below.
Classic navy-blue wool shorts; red and blue wool striped shirt for boys. Sizes 2-6x, $14.95.
Same idea for girls, with a pleated skirt. To order; allow three weeks. Sizes 3-6x, $19.95. From Jean Gale, 535 Madison Ave., New York 22.









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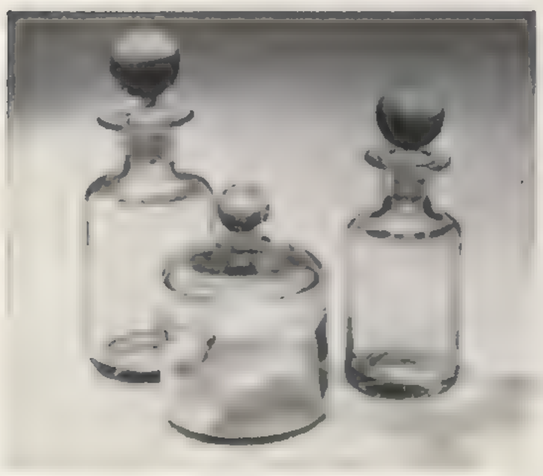
HOUND

. . . entering the Christmas lists





Stuffed fish, above.
Toy whale of lesser-fish proportions. Bright blue felt, red and white touches, kapok filling. $5.95 ppd. Edwin House, 145 W. 4th St.. N. Y. 12.
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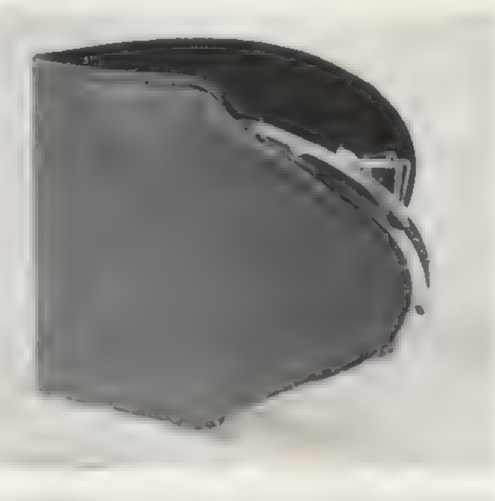
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MIEHLMANN



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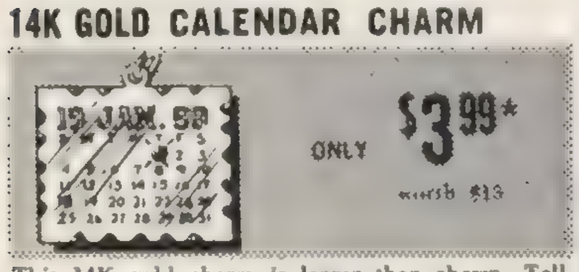
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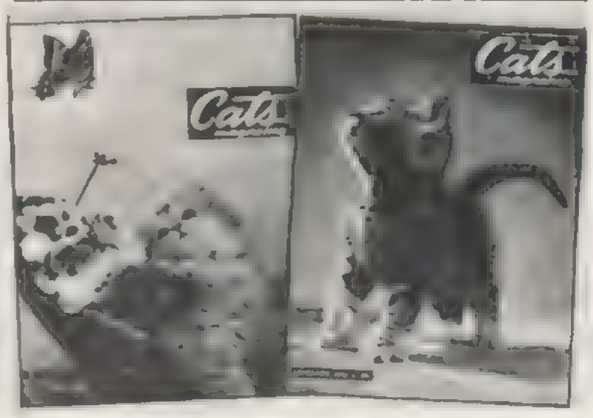
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HOUND

. . . entering the Christmas lists



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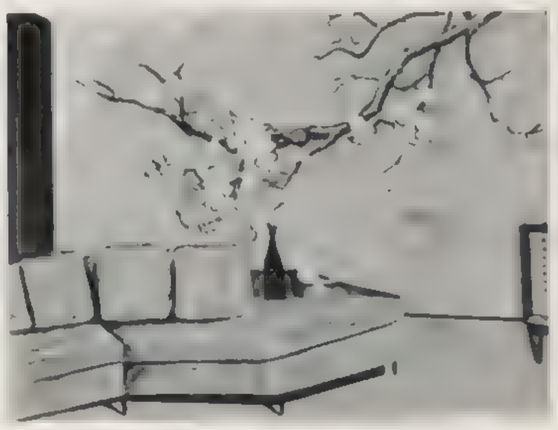
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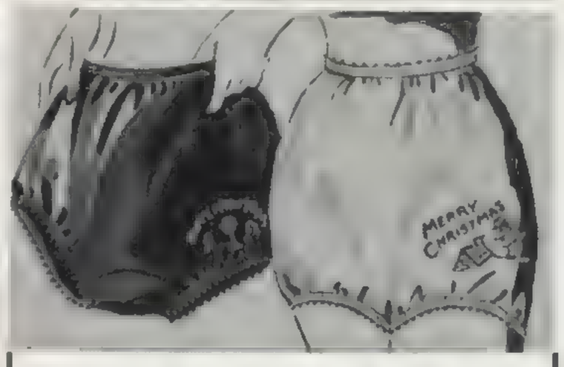


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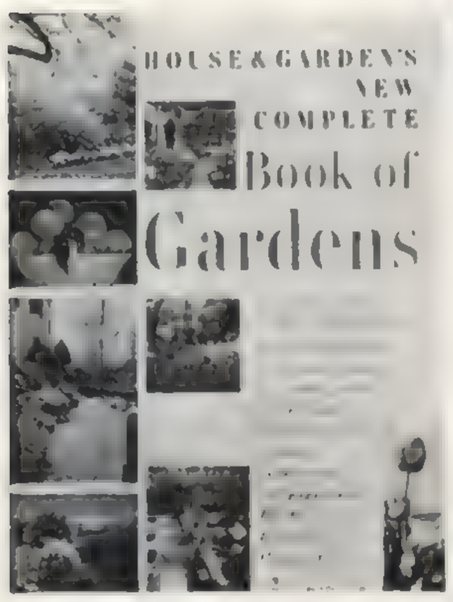
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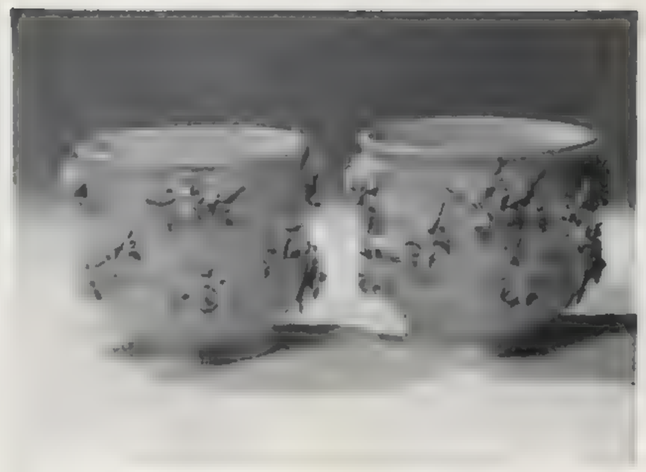


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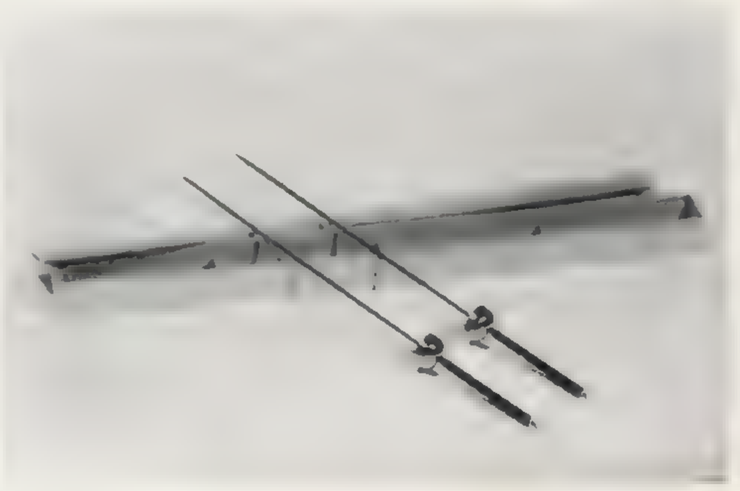


3



4

MIEHLMANN



5



7



6

HOUND

...entering the Christmas lists

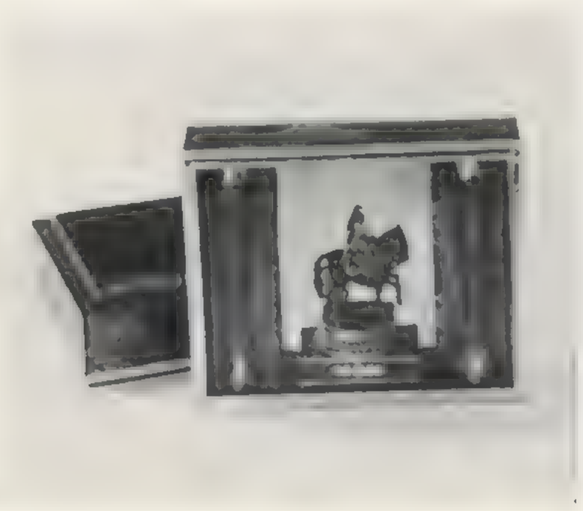


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9



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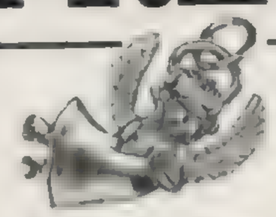
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STERLING ACCESSORIES—to wear and to use. Ivy House offers a selection of gift items, mainly sterling silver; also pewter and gold. Ivy House, P. O. Box 62, Bellerose, New York.

COLLECTION OF CHRISTMAS REVENUE. Traditional gold jewellery—as well as 14K gold American coins on gold link bracelets. The coins are collectors' pieces, gold-framed. Johnston Jewelers, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, N. Y. 22.

CONCERTS AT HOME. The accent is on good living and good listening in this catalogue, showing unusual gifts and featuring hi-fi accessories. Leslie Creations, Dept. V, Lafayette Hill, Pennsylvania.

CHINA COLLECTIONS. The charming catalogue of Alice H. Marks. Pictured are a variety of reproductions of Royal Worcester and the like; beautiful pieces of Staffordshire, Meissen, Worcester. And, of course, her delectable food packages. 18 E. 53rd Street, New York 22.

CHRISTMAS AT HOME. A selection of small gifts of all kinds in china, glass, silver, leather. Also children's gifts. 22 page catalogue. Elizabeth McCaffrey, Giftware Specialties, Dept. V, Northport, New York.

AND THE JEWELS. A collection of black star sapphires, in bracelets, rings, earrings, tie-tacks; many gold gifts moderately priced; diamonds in a variety of beautiful ways. Merrin Jewelers, 530 Madison Ave., New York 22.

THE WELL GROOMED CLOSET—wooden hangers, plastic hangers, padded hangers, hat boxes, trays and many other practical gift items. From National Hanger Co., 15 West 18th Street, New York 11.

LEOPARD LETTER, the folder from the Oce-Leopard people, who specialize in attractive accessories in that smart fur. Hats, muffs, scarfs, handbags included. Oce-Leopard, 244 West 39th Street, New York 18.

AT HOME IN THE EAST—The Orient that is. A collection of silk and cotton casual clothing inspired by the Orient. Penthouse Gallery, 15 West 55th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

GIFTS FROM BERMUDA. A catalogue of imported items, including continental costume jewellery, Royal Doulton figurines, European dolls. Also Mark Cross leather goods. H. A. & E. Smith, Hamilton, Bermuda.

96 PAGES OF GIFTS in every conceivable category. Many priced at only a dollar. Write to Spencer Gifts, 945 Spencer Building, Atlantic City, New Jersey.

SHOP AROUND THE WORLD AT HOME—from Stephanie's Imports catalogue of gifts from India, Spain, France, Japan—and on and on. Stephanie's Imports, 1966 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

SEVERAL GOOD REASONS FOR STAYING AT HOME in the Tog Shop's catalogue. Attractive assortment of at-home coats and bathrobes in terry cloth and corduroy. Also, smart beach robes and play suits. Tog Shop, Lester Square, Americus, Georgia.

STYLE AT A PRICE—and a tiny price, at that. A catalogue of dresses, blouses, skirts and lingerie in misses, junior and women's sizes. Write to Wilco Fashions, Rockville Centre, New York.

ROBE REVIEW. This folder offers marvellous terry-cloth robes (French hotel terry-cloth robes, for instance) for all sizes. Woodmere Mills, P. O. Box 167, Woodmere, Vermont.

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Photograph by Howard Zief

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the new quick-change lipstick made with Royal Jelly
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Germaine Monteil

VOGUE

NOVEMBER 1, 1958



INGLE

Vogue's eye view of how to have a non-skid Christmas

The sand involved: planning; starting now.

The bonus: beginning Saturday, December 20, five adorable days for fun. Which is the best way we know of giving Christmas pleasure. (The spectacle of the woman who makes herself a Christmas martyr—"it's really just the children that matter"—is far from joy-making.) Now, here, this plan:

November 1-15. Make lists—of parties you expect to give, guests to ask; of presents; of cards. Order cards; send those that go abroad by boat mail now. Order everything that takes a monogram; in this category, check silver and note paper previewed in this issue. Note also food presents to order now. . . . Decide on how you want to look and check, head to foot, for any gaps in the picture—a missing jewel, an evening purse, whatever. Make another list of what *you* need.

November 15-30. First, send off the out-of-town presents. Buy enough wrapping gear to see you through your whole list. Vogue sends help: November 15 shopping reports on the jewel and accessory situation when the appointed price is $2 to $35, on house presents that can be bought across the country, drinkable presents, et cetera. Address and stamp cards. Order a tree, greens, flowers, wine. Coordinate hairdressing appointments with big party dates, making sure you have a fixed rendezvous with a coiffeur for one of the three weekdays before Christmas. Have a facial maybe. A new perfume?

December 1-20. Mail cards. Plan Christmas dinner with at least one un-routine, untraditional dish. (Reminder: on Christmas Eve people eat too; don't be reduced by your own vagaries to scrambled eggs.) Wind up all shopping. Check December 1 Vogue for more-art-than-money presents, for real jewels, perfumes, last-minute brain waves, simple-but-devastating house trimmings. Keep wrapping. And most important of all, have fun. If you don't, no one else in the same house can.



The glorious coat

...an eight-page story with sub-plot dresses

Evenings, the glorious coat is what you wear—putting a blaze of beauty on the outside where it belongs. (It's the first thing you see on this Vogue's cover—remember?) It's the first thing see-able skimming into restaurants, down theatre aisles, into dark little clubs that need the light badly. It may have a magnificent Gothic collar or none at all; it might be embroidered; it might be enamelled satin; or the kind of tapestry wool that has the Gobelins people checking their walls. We've seen reversible glorious coats turning up brocade one night, fur the next. Black or brown moire has a new bold-patterned diamondy flash. Lamé?—definitely. Gold, silver, yellow, pale blue, a shade close to turnip, and terrific; *and* others. Point is: you never wear the glorious coat before five o'clock. And if your fashion pitch is perfect, you've probably been *feeling* the need of this kind of evening look for a season or so.

Underneath the glorious coat—the dress that's *enough* and no more. An offbeat on-key little splinter of a dress that happens to be around in such numbers because the glorious coat calls for it. It's the kind of dress that belongs admirably at the before-dinner party, at concerts, in theatres, on canapé-size dance floors. One black wool splinter, barer than you're accustomed to buying, in wool perhaps, is a starter (pages 102-103 show two alternates). A brocade dress—jasper, violet, damson—could understudy; the splinter dress isn't dull—ever. Tip-off to its charm: the foaming party dress can foam like mad beside it and seem Nothing; it's quite outdistanced.

About hats. We like to think of a woman's hat drawer (more accessible for last-minute decisions than a shelf, the hat drawer is a delightful revival of the ribbon drawer) frothing with little round gloriettes of velvet—black, *sang de bœuf*, or a cygnet beige; a tiny maline toque, a little toy of a hat that sits very high and straight. The large cyclops hat jewel is worth a try on almost any of the new hat shapes; wear it centre-front. (For the hat jewel in action, see page 103.)

Flying down to slippers: almost any of the glories mentioned deserve slippers of silk, flocked velvet, pale kidskin as fine as any glove's. Little delicate necklace straps on shoes look new. So do off-white, beige, or very pale pastel satin slippers. In Paris, one glorious evening look consisted of a dark brown splinter dress, off-white satin slippers, and very dark stockings. Startling; but worth getting used to.

Jeweller's coat . . . its great new rôle by night. Left, from Dior, a red coat of bullion embroidery over a late-late day dress—a velvet splinter shaped by bows. This is one of the premier reports of what's glorious in colour. The Dior red here might have aged in an icon, while the lipstick red has a fresh clear en-glamouring dazzle (the lipstick, Fifth Avenue Red by Revlon). Shoes, pink, clipped to a square point: by Roger Vivier for Dior. Dress and coat in America to order at I. Magnin.



glittering overcoat, left, of gold lamé matelassé flowing without a stutter—no collar, no buttons, a glowing sort of total prettiness. After gold, what? A thread of dress: black or red jersey; velvet; chiffon. The coat, woven of Helanca and Lurex threads. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Gidding's. Satin balloon, below, copied from one of the Paris-night marvels at Dior, the absolute All of short-dress evening plans. What you don't see here besides the knee-high hem: a shade of green called emerald. William Rose silk satin, about $125. Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. Emme hat.

SANTE FORLANO



Satin rougerie, opposite—magenta silk satin inside and out, one of the spectacular coats a woman devoted to splinter dresses (and spectacular entrances) could have. Under it might be a plum-purple dress; in the Scarlet Pimpernel collar, a weight of beads. Coat by Matlin, about $200. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Ribbon coat, below—blond brocade woven with sprays of flowers and delicate silky stripes, like antique French ribbon. The sliver dress here: black; or, any pale silk crêpe or chiffon (pale apricot would be glorious). By Vera Maxwell, in Italian silk. Henri Bendel; Loom & Needle; I. Magnin. Emme pillbox.

SANTE FORLANO





Splinter dresses, these two pages, that could go on-and-on; with a glorious coat to guide them, of course. *This page:* Left, black broadcloth given the fine-as-silk treatment. The neckline is quite high at the front; streamers are grosgrain. By Mr. Mort; broadcloth of wool and Du Pont nylon; about $35. Jay Thorpe; Frost Bros. Shoes by Gamins. Right, moss-green silk satin dress that will let a charmer coat do most of the talking . . . but not *all.* About $50. This, at Bonwit Teller; Hudson's. Evins shoes. Emme red satin bowed hat.
Opposite page: Left, a no-fooling all-out charmer with allurements like fringe and bareness—and the ability to stand still when the coat competition stiffens. Sportwhirl dress, in black wool jersey, about $30. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Gloves by Superb. Hattie Carnegie pin: fake pearls on a badge of glitter pinned, here, to a black velvet toque. Right, silvery green rayon brocade dress; fragile, deviously and amazingly pretty. $35. De Pinna.

SANTE FORLANO



BROCADE-COAT GLORIES

Two coats that could be, magnificently, the next-to-everything in current evening wardrobes—brocade fires lighting sliver dresses. *Right:* Burnished red brocade street-length coat. A white silk chiffon dress is finding it a gold mine in this case. Coat by Jablow, of a rayon and cotton brocade. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros. With brocade here, massed Indian jewels (we never saw a maharani yet who ran to solitaires): all this glitter from Van Cleef & Arpels. *Left:* Cardin brocade—Japanese azaleas embroidered in black, green, gold. Inside, a lining of black-dyed mink; and inside *that,* a simple black dress, strong jewels.

WILLIAM KLEIN



NEW BEAUTIES IN BLACK

The black dinner-dress that's not
"little," but important—and beautiful.
Black silk crêpe, fluidly draped from
a high, side-tied waistline; widely
V'd décolletage. By Leslie Morris; made
to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Delman shoes.
Jewels, both pages: Van Cleef & Arpels.

KAREN RADKAI

The harem skirt that's not one,
but two: a doubled fullness, floatiness,
falling from a high waist. Evening dress
in black silk marquisette, the strapless
bodice circled by black velvet bands;
velvet bows front and back. By Sophie:
made to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The virulence of the Congressional campaigns. . . . The widening repercussions of the De Gaulle French Constitution victory. . . . *The Memoirs of Field-Marshal Montgomery*, an adroitly written book with upsetting opinions and clearly explained battle plans, a book which has many small but pungent asides, including this anecdote of the Sicilian campaign: after an apparently naked soldier, wearing a silk top hat and driving a lorry, had waved at the amused Montgomery, the General issued his only order about dress, "Top hats will not be worn in the Eighth Army."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The drink, "Sebastian," which is just a jigger of Irish whisky on the rocks with a small float of white crème de menthe. . . . The cool, remote, beautifully painted realism of the Andrew Wyeth paintings at the Knoedler Galleries. . . . TV's late night "Shock Theatre," in which Zacherley, a conventional ghoul, introduces horror films; when as a mad doctor, he heard a belling hound, he said, "Oh, they're calling me in surgery."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The remarkable Decca recording, *The Play of Daniel*, by the New York Pro Musica with Noah Greenberg directing this extraordinary twelfth-century musical drama. . . . Jean Arp, whose sculpture has a most satisfying sensuousness, at the Museum of Modern Art's extensive exhibition. . . . *One Man in His Time*, Serge Obolensky's dashing memoir of his life which races in a glorious flash from the Empress Maria Fëdorovna to William Zeckendorf; on his way he studied at Oxford, danced with the most beautiful women in any country, and was cited for leading a small parachute unit on a hazardous mission in Sardinia. . . . The elegance, the neat feet of the Highland dancers of the Scots Guards and their massed pipers, the marvellous blare of redcoated marching Grenadier Guards, a regiment which fought in this country from 1776 to 1783.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The funny, sloppy book, *Confessions of Mrs. Smith*, by Elinor Goulding Smith who writes of her inability to cope with almost everything at home but has managed in her copeless way to do three amusing books, showing herself an acute coper. . . . France Nuyen in *The World of Suzie Wong*, a new play that is perhaps stronger than the novel, but makes the same point: the most adorable wives, golden and naïve, are the Hong Kong "yum yum girls," a felicitous nice nellyism. . . . An entertaining and emotional movie about politics, *The Last Hurrah*, in which the virtues include a really funny wake, a series of small notable political portraits, and Spencer Tracy, magnificent as a rogue-mayor, who could charm a cat down a tree.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The game, "Secrets," in which each player writes down five secrets, two of them true, and the players try to guess which true secrets belong to whom: for instance, such true items as "*Lolita* bores me" and "I tried to kill my brother with a long-handled mirror." . . . The gaiety and enlightenment of the new Thursday night Philharmonic previews, with Leonard Bernstein conducting the orchestra and chatting about music to the audience. . . . The college senior who replied to a shocked "Don't tell me you believe in Freud" with "Is it any better to believe in Jung?"

KENNETH TYNAN, urgent, tall, thirty-one, and positive, on leave from the London *Observer*, is the new drama critic of *The New Yorker*, following the late Wolcott Gibbs. (Once when Gibbs was asked how a book of his humour differed from others in the field, he said, "It is written, on the whole, in impeccable English.") While Tynan was still an undergraduate at Oxford, where even in that garden of eccentrics he was a fairly extravagant bloom, his first book of theatrical criticism was published. Impudent and extremely personal, he has a way of using, as stylistic absorbent cotton, such phrases as "I could have wished" but they do not always mop out the wounds caused by his young, clever anger. Although at times he can get in rather a swoon over the playwrights he likes, he also has sharpness and intelligence and knowledge, used in equal parts. The theatre, however, is not his only pasture. Three years ago, he wrote *Bull Fever*, a book that was cool and technical, lacking the usual hot prose about the mysticism of bull fighting. Married to Elaine Dundy, who wrote *The Dud Avocado*, he writes without punditry but with maturity on marriage and children. For Vogue, he wrote in 1952 a prickly piece, "10 Aids to Loose Thinking." His thinking is often tight and burning, leading to casualties. Of the Tynan thrusts, John Gielgud once said: "It's wonderful when it isn't you."



Eugenia Sheppard

Sharp-minded, powerful, blond-grey, and small, Eugenia Sheppard, like Dorothy Kilgallen, Inez Robb, and Sylvia Porter, is unique in her field. No one else on a newspaper does exactly what she does—informed fashion criticism, either in signed stories or in her column, "Inside Fashion," published three times a week by the New York *Herald Tribune*. She has power because she took it. Courageous, witty, a little careless sometimes but never dull, she outstripped the rest of the newspaper fashion writers when she tossed the first spitballs at the Italian and French fashions a few years ago. She showed disrespect for some of the French fashion greats and she made bitter fun of some of the Italian clothes. So funny were her screams that people who had not noticed that she had been the *Tribune* women's editor since 1949 began trying to bar her from the collection previews. They said that she had the impression she was a drama critic, reviewing a new play. The couture dislikes that kind of business almost as much as the Shuberts ever did. In 1956 came her column, which she inserted one day into the lower right-hand corner of one of the two daily pages she edits. It was just because she had so much leftover information and no place to put it—little bits of gossip like parsley, some caustic opinions, a dash of detachment, and a little who cares. In her haste, she forgot to tell the managing editor about this innovation, but fortunately he liked it and asked her to continue it.

This eminence did not come quickly. It took seventeen years after her graduation from Bryn Mawr, where she had majored in French and English. After her first real job as a women's wear reporter in 1938, she left to go to the *Herald Tribune* as a home furnishings writer. In 1949 Miss Sheppard took over all the women's pages, but before that she married Walter Millis, then the paper's assistant chief editorial writer and now assistant to Robert Hutchins, president of the Fund for the Republic. In 1951 she persuaded the paper to let her go to the Paris collections, and within a couple of years she broke the criticism barrier.

Now she works with her staff of twelve, including secretaries, in a large office at the *Tribune* where she writes and telephones and edits amid a remarkable clatter and clutter. On the pink walls hang nineteenth-century fashion plates, delicate and charming, but on the floor lie old newspapers. The desks are a fantasy of copy paper and crazy, dusty stuffed animals. In a corner a geranium plant is slowly dying for want of water. It was in this office and in European hotels that she gave the broadsword blows to the funny men on the Hearst and Scripps-Howard syndicates who have been writing for years those bearded fashion pieces that begin, "Ladies, you're losing your waists!" if they couldn't remember the word milady.

4 UNIQUE COLUMNISTS

Dorothy Kilgallen

Rich from her own work, Dorothy Kilgallen is amusing, dangerous, professional, big-eyed, and slick as a willow whistle. Her column, "The Voice of Broadway," syndicated to one hundred and fifty newspapers, is the only Broadway column by a woman. Unlike other gossip columnists, she gossips like a rather relentless man and refuses to be gulled into a parade of publicity squibs. Her inference is that she is everywhere at precisely the right moment. Few match her sardonic appraisal of the behaviour of celebrities, for whom she has no reverence. Although she often reveals sympathy for them, she can't bring herself to be respectful. This irritates some of her readers who are mad for the bended knee. Never breathless with the wonder of it all, she has an admirable hardness.

Because she likes to sign her autograph, she says she is grateful to those who ask her. The hunters wait for her signature on Sunday evenings after "What's My Line." That TV program has given play to her logical mind, to her skill at instantaneous deduction, and to her passion for clothes. For her TV appearances she usually buys ten dresses at a whack and keeps on doing it. When she reports on big murders, great weddings, the Coronation, the readers can expect to find out the most intimate details about the defendant and the victim, the bride and the groom, the Queen. In short takes, she gives the facts and they are all personal: the Queen looked tired, the Duke is a doll.

The daughter of James Kilgallen, a well-known newspaperman, Dorothy Kilgallen got her first job at seventeen as a reporter on the New York *Journal-American*. She started her column in 1938, married Richard Kollmar, a producer who was then an actor, has three children, a daughter of fourteen, and two sons, one sixteen and one four. They all live happily in a big, white limestone private house in New York's Sixties. In her living room, a crowded flattery of mauve, lilac, of pink walls, lots of crystal, white satin draperies, three blackamoors, an enormous gold cupid taller than "Harvey," pink carnations, a mass of wall mirrors, and a portrait of Miss Kilgallen by Brockhurst, she sits on a thick white rug to write her columns.

Five mornings a week, just before eight, she climbs up two flights, sleepy-eyed in a pink housecoat, for the radio program, "Breakfast with Dorothy and Dick." They usually tell about their pleasures of the night before, a movie preview, a theatre first night, the four or five night clubs they visited and whom they saw and what they think about it all. The informality is that of a fishing boat. For all this work, she gets a basic salary from the *Journal-American*, plus a percentage for the column syndication, plus participation rights on the radio program, and a flat sum for her Sunday night game. Her life is all pink to her.

ELLIOTT ERWITT

LIONEL KAZAN



ELLIOTT ERWITT



Inez Robb

Exasperated, refreshing, confidential but not cosy, Inez Robb, a delicate-looking woman with stamina, is the only non-political woman columnist who has been paid for years to travel the world, giving her opinion on practically everything. Before she makes up her strong mind, she goes forth, embattled, to find out what she is talking about. In the course of that policy, she says she has become the only American reporter to cover not only the Coronation of King George VI, but also the wedding and Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II; Miss Robb always sits in the Abbey. As a war correspondent, she spent the winter of 1941-42 in England, heard the news of Pearl Harbor at Lady Astor's, and spent the winter of 1943 in Africa. When she relaxes, she gives her readers her recipe for sugar cookies, blasts off on education, and jabs out a smashing defense of American men. (Those columns brought in the largest number of letters.)

An easy talker, with a high, gay laugh, she has an open smile and an open mind. Her hair is pale blond, her eyes light blue, and she once told her husband, to whom she has been married for twenty-nine years, that she wants this on her tombstone: "Inez Robb, she was the kind of woman who liked pink." The Robbs, in fact, live in a New York penthouse that has a glow of pink about it. When she is home, she writes in a small cell just off the living room, with her reference books and her cookbooks at hand. On the wall hangs a framed Lincoln letter, written the day before he died, and near it, a framed copy of the *Idaho Statesman* of April 25, 1865, giving a garbled story of Lincoln's assassination.

Born on a California ranch, Mrs. Robb spent her girlhood in Boise Valley, Idaho, left there for the University of Missouri School of Journalism. After graduation she went on *The Tulsa Daily World* in Oklahoma, in spite of the publisher's order not to hire women. For the first few weeks before the publisher softened, she spent her office time in the ladies' room. In October 1926 she joined the New York *Daily News*, the first one there to write the Nancy Randolph society chatter column. She loved it. Then the International News Service offered her a chance to go as a travelling reporter wherever the news was. She loved that until the Scripps-Howard syndicate wooed her away with more woo money. She has kept on loving her job. In spite of all that love, she often writes in her personal crackling way, with a rather steamy violence. Under the harsh headline "RX : a kick in slacks for beat generation," in one hundred and twenty newspapers last July, she gave this advice about the younger generation to the angry, fed-up, older generation—"Don't just sit there: Do something —preferably to them! And do it first!"

Sylvia Porter

An egghead who writes a financial column with the readability of lovelorn advice, Sylvia Porter is a laughing, clothes-loving, severely disciplined columnist who picked money for her subject. Six times a week, two hundred and thirty-one newspapers take her unique dispatches under the title, "Your Dollar." Because she is afraid to be ignorant and unwilling to be superficial, she has collected a notable group of readers, most of them men. Although her specialty is government finance, she writes equally well about the cost of living and about consumers' problems. Particularly good at trend-spotting in the stock market, she never mentions a specific stock, rarely sends out a market column the day she writes it. When she does a Federal budget column, her routine goes like this: she sees a few specialists, checks her facts in Washington by telephone, and then usually takes her typewriter either to her pink bedroom or to her charming living room, an amalgam of whites, browns, mirrors, fresh flowers, enlivened by a powerful portrait of her in a Count Sarmi strapless evening dress. Bolstered with coffee and cigarettes, she writes graphically, simply, and with homely similes often based on housekeeping. It is all intelligent and it is all carefully researched. Since there are few blacks and whites in economics, she tells where the grey lies.

Born in Patchogue, Long Island, where her father was a physican, she is now in her early forties. Before she went to Hunter College, from which she was graduated *magna cum laude* at eighteen, her father died. In the crash of 1929 the money her father left to her mother disappeared; the family had two cars but no cash for gas, and finally gave the house away. To find out why the crash, she took every economics course she could. Later, with her Phi Beta Kappa key on her flat chest, she got a job at fifteen dollars a week with an investment counsel firm, stayed there two years, absorbing. After she had tossed financial scoops at space rates into the New York *Post*, the paper in August 1935 realized it was cheaper to hire her on salary. She has stayed there ever since, began syndication in 1947. (Between 1941 and 1943, when she was unknown to the country at large, she wrote five financial-primer articles for Vogue.)

Now, with her husband, G. Sumner Collins, the New York *Journal-American* director of public relations, she lives in an apartment in New York with their daughter, Cris, spends her weekends at their house in Pound Ridge, where she tries to relax without a thought on money. Like columnists Sheppard, Kilgallen, and Robb, she works extremely hard, likes the feel of newspaper power, has a stabilized marriage, and is nuts about pink.

BY ALLENE TALMEY

GLOWING REPORTS

...in jewels: Below and in reflection, a necklace
that mixes the news of rhinestone hearts with faceted steel beads:
its allure, more banked fire than five-alarm blaze.
Jewel-sites to think of in this connection:
the open neckline of a sleeved black moire dress,
the décolletage of the mossy green satin on page 102.
Necklace, $150*. Drop earrings, below centre, $25*. Both from
the Lilly Daché Boutique. New pin-voltage, below right,
rhinestones, fixed and mobile. This, centred high on a
high-waisted dress, could spark all of an evening's dazzle.
By Albert Weiss; $12.50*. Lord & Taylor.
...in perfume: Liquid voltage, here, and an event—the arrival
of a new American perfume, Great Lady by Evyan.
Flowers—numberless, subtle, lingering—are part of the charm
a woman may expect when she wears it. The other: the excitement
of trying an untried fragrance—composed and made in America.
...in fur: Day-length leopard kimono; red satin inside—
one of the fascinating new fur-developments this year,
and one of the simplest. Here, it's glorious-coat to a
streak of white satin, high-waisted, slightly trained.
Coat, of natural Somali leopard, a Scaasi design
for Ben Kahn. Also at Nan Duskin: Marshall Field.

*PLUS TAX

JOHN STEWART


PENN

THE FASHION REALISTS

In the course of any sweeping fashion change, some clothes-thinking runs like strawberry-thinking—I adore-them-but-they-don't-adore-me. Now while it's perfectly true that new fashion ideas do turn up fashion-extremes, this fact, as the news sinks in, becomes equally true: the realists take over. Untricked, uncomplicated, these are the clothes that are wearable by any woman living in the fashion-present and in possession of a passably good—though not sensational—figure. Anyone who doesn't qualify on both counts is something of a non-realist herself. Here, based on French and American ideas, ten of the most realistic fashions a woman could count on—day after day, and evening, without a trace of fantasy.



Left: How to make a long-range suit-decision on the strength of this year's suit news. Short, softly wide jacket; high-waisted, slightly curvy skirt. This, in brilliant lilac wool tweed, has a camisole top, a sloe-pink glove belt. It's worn here with a hat and blouse of ruby-red velvet—one of the great new dazzles in the lilac setup now. Suit of British woollen by Ben Zuckerman. French leather gloves. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit, also at Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. Emme hat. Gold nugget earrings: David Webb. Juliette Marglen Rembrandt Ruby lipstick.

Right: Clearly the suit of the year—jacket barely skimming the skirt-top, every line easy, feminine. (This suit-development has probably been the subconscious suit-wish of many women for years.) Suit, made by Dan Millstein in an undercoat thinness of clear red worsted; about $110. At Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; I. Magnin. Hat by John Frederics. Lucille handbag. Gloves by Superb. I. Miller shoes.



MORE FASHION REALISTS



Freshest, easiest
day-look a woman
could put under
wraps now.
Non-sleeved beige
worsted jersey;
soft black
calfskin belt—
rising. Copied
from Balenciaga by
Herbert Sondheim, about $125. At
Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Kislav gloves.

Pseudo-suit in
black silk faille.
Jot of jacket,
blue suède Empire belt.
bubbly skirt—all of
a piece, and good to hips.
Made by Leonard Arkin; about $70.
At Bonwit Teller: Hutzler's. Emme turban—
grey and green feathers. Valentine shoes.

SCHATZBERG



Coat-dress in dark grey worsted flannel. Yoked, uncollared, and not a superfluous— or difficult— line anywhere.
Copied from Balenciaga, by Harry Frechtel; about $185. At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.
Chinchilla fur-wig, by Emme.



Sheath-revolution in the space of a single dress— Empire impressions, great softness.
In the same space: the news of piny green worsted jersey on a day-through-late-day basis now. Copied from Lanvin Castillo by Mari; about $30 at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. I. Miller shoes.

MORE
FASHION
REALISTS

Safe as houses *and*
fascinating—which
is what a black
dress can be when
it's at peak form,
as here. Black
wool and looped
mohair, shaped
on the round,
fringed high.
Copied from Balenciaga by
Herbert Sondheim; about $125.
Lord & Taylor; L. S. Ayres. Emme hat.

Afternoon-and-on black
jersey with a string
of comforting thoughts
for ninety-nine figures
out of a hundred—
curves, folds, a soft
little tie under
the bosom.
Dress, in Sag-No-Mor worsted jersey about $15.
At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's. Bally shoes.

SCHATZBERG

As the belt rises, this becomes more and more evident: the lifted waist can be one of the kinder cuts in fashion. Beige looped wool, mohair, and nylon, copied from Carosa by Suzy Perette. About $10.
At Bonwit Teller; Burdine's.
Black mink toque: Mr. John. Rhythm Step shoes.

Little-evening black with the flattering news of a deep wide collar, longish evening-sleeves. full skirt—and most women's dream of a waistline.
By Richard Cole, in peau de soie; about $70
at Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz.
Emme drapery: black tulle and a white rose.

"Where can

In the old part of the town, between the castle and the cathedral, were some steep and cobbled streets, with pavements broken open by the roots of plane trees. The tall and narrow houses stood back, beyond the walls of gardens and courtyards, but there were glimpses of them through wrought-iron gates. The quiet here was something that country people found unbelievable. Except for the times when the cathedral bells were ringing, the silence was broken only by the rooks in the castle trees or, as on this afternoon, by the sound of rain.

Lalage left the car in the garage at the foot of the hill and the two girls—Lalage herself and her stepdaughter, Sophy—walked as quickly as they could towards home, carrying the smaller pieces of Sophy's luggage, Lalage, already hostess-like (Sophy thought), bowed over to one side with the weight of the bigger suitcase, and the other arm thrust out shoulder-high to right her balance.

The road narrowed gradually to less than a car's width and rain ran fast down the cobbles, swirling into drains. Reaching the gate in the wall, Sophy swung her skis off her back and turned the iron handle. The scraping, rusty sound of it was suddenly remembered and was as strange to her as anything else in a world where every familiar thing had moved into a pattern too fantastic ever—she was sure—to be dealt with or understood. She and Lalla, for instance, going in through this door as they had done so often before; but Sophy now at a loss to guess what might be waiting for her inside, in her own home.

Her father, Colonel Vellacott, had always loved Italy and everything Italian and had tried to make a Venetian courtyard in wet England. Its sadness was appalling, Sophy thought. The paving stones were dark with rain, and drops fell heavily from the vine and the magnolia, off statues and urns and, in a sudden gust of wind, rattled like bullets on the broad fig leaves by the wall. In the seats of some iron chairs puddles reflected the cloudy sky.

"John will be back for dinner," Lalage said, as they picked their way across the wet stones—"He had to go because he was in the chair."

Ah yes, "John," of course, Sophy thought.

The front door opened and Miss Sully came out to take the case from Lalage, primly eager to wring all she could from the peculiar situation. "It is just like old times," she said to Sophy, "when Madam used to come to stay with you in the holidays and I used to listen to hear the gate so that I could run out with a welcome."

"Madam" had been a shock and, a calculated one, Sophy thought. She smiled and shook hands. "In the old days, you always said we had grown. Not any more I hope."

"Grown *up*, I should say."

"Isn't she brown?" said Lalla.

"As brown as a berry."

They went into the dark hall where the Italian influence continued in glass and marble, trailing leaves and a wrought-iron screen which served no purpose. Nothing visible had been altered since Sophy was here last, a year ago, but everything invisible had been. At Sophy's bedroom door, Miss Sully turned away, with promises of tea in five minutes and a fire in the drawing room. Sophy, standing in the middle of the room, looking about her, but not at Lalla, asked, "How do you get on with *her?*"

"As I always did, trying to be as nice as pie, wearing myself out, really, but not getting anywhere. She is, as we always found her, a mystery woman."

"Kind . . ." Sophy began.

"Kindness itself. Thoughtful, considerate, efficient. But what lies underneath, who knows? Something does. She's learning Italian now."

"Perhaps that's what's underneath. Not enough goes on here for her. She's too intelligent to be a housekeeper, and too ambitious."

"Then why go on?"

Sophy could not now say, "I think because she hoped to marry my father." She had sometimes thought it in the past and suddenly wondered if she had ever told Lalla. She felt that she must have, for she had told her everything, though she no longer could.

"What was Switzerland *like?*" Lalla asked. "I mean really."

"It went on too long."

Sophy put her fingers to the locks of her suitcase, about to spring them open, and then could not be bothered, and straightened her back, thinking, she will wonder why, if I found it too long, I did not come back earlier, as I could have done and should have done and would have done. if it had not been for *that.* It was always "that" in her mind—the marriage of her father and her dearest friend. The other questions—Sophy's questions—that hovered between them were too unseemly to be spoken—for instance, why? and how? and where did it begin? The only question in the least possible Sophy was turning over in her mind and beginning to make a shape of it in words, when Lalla, before it could be spoken, answered it. Since early girlhood, they had often found their thoughts arriving at the same point without the promptings of speech.

"I am so happy, you know," Lalla said. "It is all so lovely in this house and now to have you in it with me at last! Though," she added quickly, "it is you who have always been here and I who have at last arrived."

"But, Lalla dear, you always seemed *part* of the house to me. We never called the spare room anything but 'Lalla's room.' When other people came to stay, it seemed wrong to me

A story by ELIZABETH TAYLOR
author of "Angel"

it end?"

that they should hang their clothes in your cupboard."

Then suddenly she bent down and unclicked her suitcase after all, to have something to do with her trembling fingers, and wondered, what is the spare room called now? I have made another booby-trap for us, where there already were too many.

"Did you notice," Lalage asked, as if she had not heard, "how eagerly Miss Sully ran out to greet you? She has been quite excited all the week."

"I can understand that." Sophy lifted the lid of the suitcase and looked gloomily at her creased and folded clothes. "She loves situations and she wanted to see how I was facing this one."

"Yes, to see if you were jealous of me, hoping, perhaps, that life here from now on would be full of interesting little scenes between us, something to sustain and nourish her while she chops parsley—which she does—doesn't she? with not just *kitchen* venom?"

"She will analyze everything we say and fit it into her conception of our relationship."

"She has already tried to haunt me with your mother—so beautiful she was and you are growing up to be her image."

Sophy lifted her head from the unpacking and could not help giving a quick look into the mirror before her. "How absurd," she said. "If she could throw up a woman so long dead, how impatiently she must have waited for *me* to throw myself up."

"She longs for incidents. I am sure she will hover to see who pours out the tea and whether, from habit, you will go to your old place at the table."

This was brave of Lalage and seemed to clear the air.

"It is a good thing," Sophy said, "that you and I have read so many novels. The hackneyed dangers we should be safe from."

"We shall be safe *together*," Lalla said. "Loving one another," she added, so quietly that she seemed to be talking to herself.

"Demurrings and deprecations will not escape notice either," said Sophy. "Saying '*you* do it, please,' or 'you go first.' We must beware of every one of those. I will be a straightforward daughter to you, I think. It may be ageing for you, but I think it will be safer than for us to try to be like sisters. I thought of that in Switzerland, and I decided that a daughter has privileges and a rôle to play, which a younger or inferior sister has not."

"As long as I am never called Mamma."

Miss Sully, hovering at the foot of the stairs, heard laughter as the bedroom door opened and Lalage's voice saying with great gaiety, "Who—a year ago—would have believed that we could come to this?"

They were on the stairs now, and Miss Sully hurried back to the kitchen for the hot scones. She wanted to watch the approach to the tea table.

This turned out to be disappointing. Sophy went straight to the drawing-room window and, with her back turned to the room, said, "Since last I saw you, Lalla, I've given up milk and sugar. What father used to call 'puppy-fat' turned out just to be fat."

"Then I must do the same," said Lalla and sat down before the tray and took up the teapot. "And every time John goes out, we will have those slimming meals I am always reading about at the hairdresser's. Meanwhile, you could have a scone, couldn't you?"

Sophy turned from the window and sat down in a chair, opposite the one where she had always sat before.

"Only this time," she said.

Miss Sully, having very slowly put a log on the fire and rearranged the tongs, was now obliged to go. At the door, she heard Sophy say, "Just to celebrate the occasion."

By the time Colonel Vellacott returned from his meeting, a mode of behaviour was established between the two girls. It had often been tried out in their minds during their separation, suggested and explored with nervous tact in letters to one another.

He found them by the drawing-room fire, Lalage winding wool from Sophy's outstretched hands. Kneeling on the rug, Sophy rocked from side to side, and swayed her arms, turning her wrists deftly as the wool slipped off them. So often, bemused and patient, she had held Lalla's wool for her; the knitting craze came and went, jerseys were seldom finished and, if they were, were sorry things. From past experience, neither had high hopes for this new skein.

"A charming sight," Colonel Vellacott said. They had settled down together already, he was relieved to see. It was like bringing a new dog into a house where another had reigned alone for a long time. The scene might have been prearranged—the girls were so tangled up in wool that they could not extricate themselves, and the kisses he gave each on the top of her head were almost simultaneous, Lalla hardly first at all.

That's *that* over, he thought, and for no reason felt self-congratulatory. *That* for him was his embarrassment. Now, it was as easy as could be to talk about Switzerland and Sophy most brilliantly took the lead with her descriptions of the school and the lunacy of its inhabitants.

"Don't!" Lalage half-sobbed, gasping with laughter, and wiped her eyes on the ball of wool.

"Ah, you are going into fits," her husband said. He remembered all the holiday laughter in this house, Lalla's cries of "Don't" and her collapsed state, *(Continued on page 169)*



MISS LYNN WANAMAKER

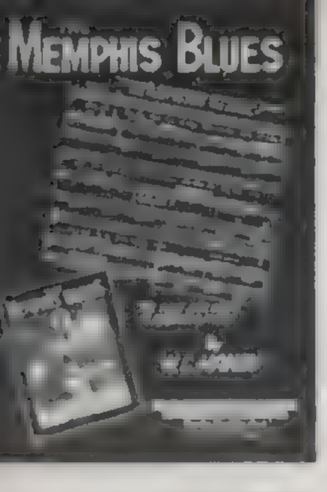
Miss Wanamaker is the daughter of Mrs. Patterson Wanamaker and Mr. Rodman Wanamaker. A willowy, blue-eyed blonde, she rides beautifully, and has amassed numerous blue ribbons at Long Island horse shows. Here, she wears red silk gros de Londres designed by Carven of Paris, for David Crystal; Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman.

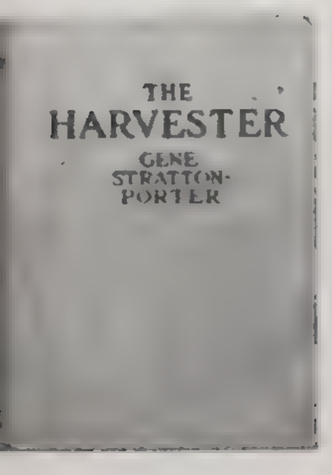
HENRY CLARKE



MISS SUSAN ANDREWS

Small, sparkly, with brown hair and bright-brown eyes, Miss Andrews is the daughter of Mrs. Bixby Andrews and the late Mr. Andrews. She and Miss Wanamaker (opposite), classmates at Chapin, had a joint coming-out party this summer in Southampton. Her dress here: black silk chiffon designed by Carosa, copied by Suzy Perette; at Bonwit Teller.

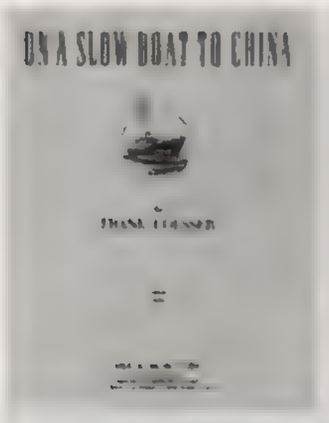


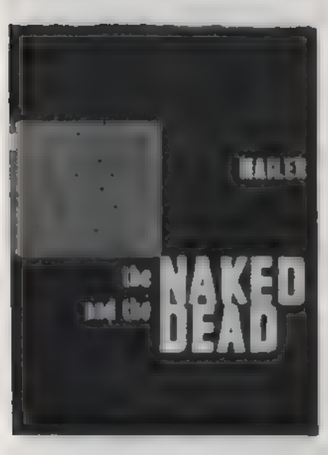




1. Two years before St. Louis had a blues, the big moan was "Memphis Blues." The best seller for the same year: *The Harvester*, a vintage gathering of overwrought innocence about a Girl and a Man. Waistlines rose slightly, liberated from their stays. The Girl Scouts began. And the new Paris perfume was Narcisse Noir . . . exotic.

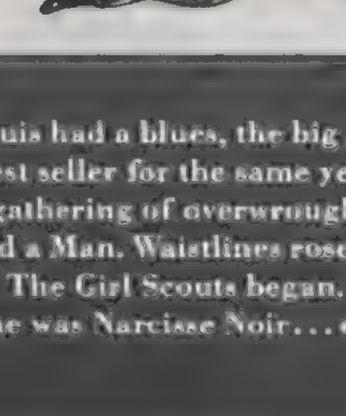
The year





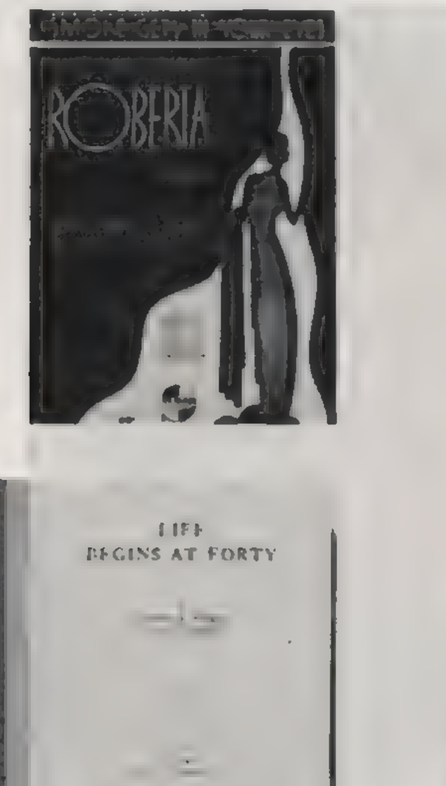


3. Dior's "new look" had its first anniversary. In books the best selling was grimy, and Frank Loesser, who hadn't yet written *Guys and Dolls*, charmed everyone with his thoughts on rushy escape by Slow Boat. Also without thorns and new then: La Fête des Roses, a deep dram of all the roses poured into one.





2. Even without the smoke, this was a dim-view year, revived by Pitkin's gazpacho of guff on the rosy world around the corner; by Chicago's Century of Progress. Timeless: the bobby's cape. Waft of the future, just launched: Fleurs de Rocaille, a floral scent with a twinge of mock orange.



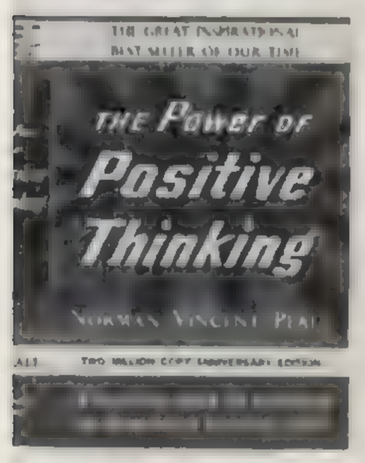
ANSWERS:

1. **1912.** Lyric "The Memphis Blues" by W. C. Handy reprinted by permission Handy Brothers Music Co. Copyrighted by W. C. Handy, 1912. Copyright renewed by Theron C. Bennett, 1913. 2. **1933.** Lyric "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" by Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach reprinted by permission T. B. Harms Co. ©1933. 3. **1948.** Lyric "On a Slow Boat to China" reprinted by permission Frank Music Corp. ©1948, Frank Loesser. 4. **1922.** Lyric "Chicago" reprinted by permission Fred Fisher Music Co. ©1922. 5. **1927.** Lyric "Thou Swell" by Rodgers and Hart reprinted by permission T. B. Harms Co. ©1927. 6. **1954.** Lyric "Hey There" by Adler and Ross reprinted by permission Frank Music Corp. ©1954.

when?

Sensory recall is the test here. Each set of clues keys to a year that's memorable for a pop song, a new scent, a best seller, a fashion. And you needn't be A. Toynbee to score. Name the year. Answers upside down below, left.







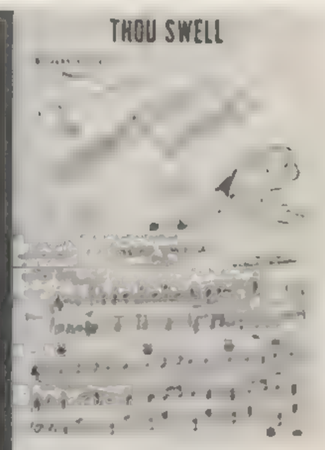
6. The Nautilus, our first atomic sub, was launched in Connecticut. Suits began to de-emphasize the waist. To find out how to accentuate the positive people bought Peale. The best of the smoochy songs had the direct-attack title, "Hey There." And a new perfume took the unlikely name, Poivre, meaning pepper. In fact, it's carnation laced with clove, and – like all the others here – by Caron.

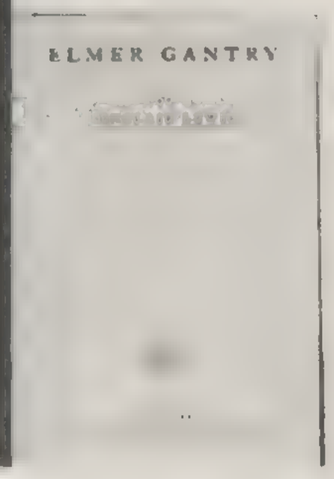




4. Fashion was for the "nothing" dress, the ravishing little rag, and the hum of the year was "Chicago," a tune uncomplicated and hoisy-totsy. *Alice Adams* won the Pulitzer Prize, but on the sands of U. S. beaches American women discovered with greater intensity the first of the mad desert lovers – *The Sheik*. Also touched with Eastern mystique: the new perfume, Nuit de Noël.

5. Talkies began. Red Lewis scorched up the best seller list with his anti-revivalist novel based on data from a Kansas preacher. Little fur boas, very like the boas of 1958, chucked up to the noses of dazzling women, and "Thou Swell" seemed the most adorable of the Rodgers and Hart songs. From Paris we had bottled carnations – Bellodgia.









New claimants for the wonder-coat title

At stake, when a woman buys a coat: fashion reputation and mobility (the maladjusted coat never did a well wardrobe any good yet). These four coats are situation handlers almost any given daytime.

Left: Mobile on the figure, in the fashion life—dark grey wool flannel coat copied from a Givenchy world-beater. Made by Marquise, about $160. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Harzfeld's. Jersey hat by Emme.

Right: Deep-collared high-waisted coat that puts the words "all purpose" in the delicious-adjective category. Made by Zelinka-Matlick, from a Balenciaga coat idea, in a ricey weaving of gold Forstmann wool. About $120. Altman's; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson. Nutria hat by Emme. I. Miller shoes. *Both pages:* Lederer handbags.

SCHATZBERG

SCHATZBERG



The wonder coats

This page: Cardin-inspired mushroom (clearly edible variety here). The collar and the set of the waist of this coat might represent all the news worth knowing or telling in fashion to a woman with travel plans. Coat, in bronze mohair, about $160. At Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. Colour-sensitized hat: warm-green felt, from Hattie Carnegie. Brown kidskin shoes, by Margaret Jerrold. *Right:* The triumphant discovery of a woman who knows what the right black town coat can mean in terms of fashion peace of mind. Ample collar, high-cut waistline; *beau séjour* for seasons of towning. By Brittany, in Forstmann smooth black wool. About $110. Lord & Taylor; Famous-Barr; Wm. H. Block. Emme turban of chinchilla.



Captive gardens

BY COLETTE

The great Colette, author of "Gigi," wrote this article, and eleven others, for French Vogue in 1925. We republish it now—the second in our series.

Two months ago, my neighbour looked jealously at my yellow laburnum; then he envied my wisteria, a young, strong vine that was putting out curling, snakelike tendrils that climbed from my wall to the lindens and then went on up through the rose vines, dropping great, fragrant mauve blossoms in grapelike clusters. At the same time, *I* looked enviously at *his* double-blossomed cherry trees and wondered how I could possibly compete with his geraniums in July. Those geraniums are red and velvety and in the clear light of noon they take on an unbelievable violet shade, mysteriously augmented by the vertical rays of the sun. Oh, well, have patience. Wait until my neighbour sees my purple sage in October and November.

And meanwhile he can cast an appraising look at those proud, arched canes that I dignify by the name "My Rose-garden," with its masses of roses, their heads so heavy that they droop down in drunken abandon. I have left to my other neighbour the flowers that like shade, clematis, blue verging on violet, lilies of the valley, begonias that can close up in an hour of sunlight. There is an old garden nearby that harbours a giant althea, at the expense of all other flowery incumbents; they have been sacrificed to it, for it is venerable, handsome, blooms indefatigably and has a halo of blossoms that are rose-colour at the start and turn mauve as they fall.

A red hawthorn, that pride of a Breton spring, flames a little further on, and the tufted vine that climbs, making a mosaic pattern on the wall of a house, comforts the spleen of a dweller in Auteuil, whose native soil amounts to about the contents of an orange crate.

A pleasant rivalry goes on near these imprisoned gardens, rousing old people and wise young ones, arming them with rakes and hoes, bringing the click of the pruning shears and the market-garden smell of fertilizer and new-mown grass. How long, how long a time will you ever be able to save Paris from that depressing shade that comes from the quadrangles and cubes of big apartment buildings?

Each month now in our sixteenth *arrondissement,* another row of lindens goes, or a box hedge, or a crumbling arbour, originally planned to be wide enough for the sweep of crinolines. *(Continued on page 135)*

Mixed caramel colours—on wings. One of the newest, dashingest looks in the country—a blend of caramel colours seated, opposite, on the wing-back formation of the 1959 Chevrolet Impala convertible. Caramel topping: a suède cardigan, lined in guanaco, that could also make its presence known in town, entrancingly, over a black wool dress. With it here, a turtle-necked pull-over sweater and slim slacks, both in paler caramel wool. New beauty point of this car: a tray in the dash that could be a dressing table, holding all the re-doings for a face. Jacket by Leathermode, about $110; slacks of wool flannel by Jack Winter, about $15. Both at Altman's; I. Magnin. Sweater by Korrigan Lesur, about $17 at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Amalfi shoes: Lord & Taylor.

RAWLINGS





Captive gardens *continued from page 132*

My own outer boulevard, once leaf strewn, has had put up in the last six months, a great building with the general shape and allure of a dreadful brand-new tooth protruding. A charming house that for two hundred years had nestled down happily and pleasantly in the middle of its garden, like a setting hen on a nest, is now right next a new seven-storey building and has lost all its sunlight—the bright, scarab-tinted mornings, the clear, brilliant sunsets. It now looks brooding and silent, as cold as an extinguished planet, and seems as though it were wearing its own mourning.

Nothing can save these imprisoned gardens, except possibly foreign gold. It sometimes happens that a millionaire from afar takes a fancy to a house and garden in one of the old quarters. Then he buys it and improves it. He says, "I'd like two or three more like it," for he has large ideas. Besides, as he explains, "We'll need land for the tennis court." But let's be fair to him. Sometimes he may scorn tennis and all that, and go in more heavily for the past glories of France. Then, thanks to him, there may be assembled on some greatly expanded acreage, a Gothic village church, transported stone by stone (like fitting in the pattern of a puzzle), side by side with a Basque terrace, a small version of a Normandy orchard, a Southern close, bordered with the usual funereal box, and a touch of Breton thatch, all without any feeling of theatrical anachronism in the setting. A collection sparked by a slightly childish taste, perhaps, but which we one-time provincials, now captives in Paris, find rather touching and endearing, so that we give in to him; we who rage at the removal of a lilac bush or the pruning of a branch of a chestnut tree. We are like the dwellers on a river bank, struggling against a remorseless tide of real-estate-building, that eats away, nibbling and gnawing and diminishing the Bois, we who are the fervent defenders of our rights and privileges to have some few green things left growing. The praises, even of what little is still left us, must be sung on a melancholy note. Boylesve has memories of a garden that was destroyed. Abel Hermant already mourns for the colourful panorama of last spring, seen from his balcony, just two steps away from the Madeleine.

The Duchess of Sforza raises those strawberries that are called Morère, along the rails of her balcony in the Avenue Henri Martin and Philippe Berthelot sees cherries ripen on the cherry trees that he has grafted in Boulevard du Montparnasse. And do take a look in Quai Saint-Michel, at that garden way high up on a roof. In Quai Malaquais, Albert Flament preserves, behind four walls, his memories of Florence, in a cool, charming garden close, where cypresses in tubs and boxwood root in a mosaic pattern. In Rue Jacob, De Gourmont's "Amazon" refuses to blossom in such worn-out soil where the sun never shines. But the thin, feeble grass can still grow in the shade and is the delight of an occasional nocturnal cat and an owl actually perches on a dead branch wound round by a strand of tree ivy. Even a scrap of vine on a wall is a comfort to eyes that look from a scrap or leaf of white paper to the window and back again, from window to leaf.

An open door, in a rather unpromising street, one day revealed to me a kind of deep provincial paradise, adorned with old sweeping ash trees, magnolias, stone pots, cats asleep, and even apple trees planted neatly around the lawns. A line of apple trees.... Oh, you bucolic Parisians who deck yourselves out with lilies of the valley in May, you pickers of lilacs, who yearn tenderly over a blade of grass or a snowdrop, won't you please preserve these last rustic hideaways in Paris? Imagine! ... A *line* of apple trees.

TRANSLATION BY ROSEMARY BENÉT



Mauve on the move; more caramel colours.

A different version of the country-caramels idea resting, at left, on the twin-boomed back of the 1959 Oldsmobile Holiday SportSedan in another candy-colour: bonbon mauve. Further Olds news—rakish lines, a gasoline-mixer that specializes in economy on just-to-the-grocery length trips. The sweater here, caramel wool knitted to a waffley consistency, with a deep collar, a bloused shape. The slacks, darker caramel worsted jersey—narrowed, non-sit-outable. Sweater, about $35; slacks, in Sag-No-Mor jersey, about $16; both by White Stag. At Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Meier & Frank. Burlap and leather handbag by Etienne Aigner, at Lord & Taylor. Kobley & Stern sunglasses. Boots by British Brevitt.

RAWLINGS

November beauty prompter



Bright new coiffure (facing page): shining success—in the shape, in the sheen—this coiffure by Antoine. Young, rounded, with height at the crown, width at the sides, it also manages to give the new sleek, neat-head effect. As for the shine: at least part of it's due to a new machine that looks like a hair drier, but is just the reverse—a hair moisturizer. Called the Helene Curtis Mist-O-Matic, it swirls warm vapour mist around the hair; speeds up bleaching or colouring, if they're in process; helps hair and scalp absorb conditioning oils. Coiffure. and Mist-O-Matic treatment, at Maison Antoine. Lisner earrings. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue.



New French imports: not surprisingly, more and more are involved with beauty. Example: the Stendhal preparations, now buyable here, though they're still made entirely in France and packaged there (glamourously, in white and gold, with labels in three languages). Most of the Stendhal creams, lotions, and tonics are made in three distinct versions—for dry, normal, and oily skin—so their benefits are pin-pointed exactly; the make-up is worked out with the same precision (22 separate shades of cream rouge, for example, and 23 of lipstick). Among the most renowned Stendhal preparations are Recette Merveilleuse, a night cream made of, among other things, rare plants grown in mountainous sections of France: the waterproof (10 shades) mascara, which not only clings to lashes but is said to improve their health and luxuriance; the delightful foundation, Stendhalcolor; and a unique product called Labialys, which is a clear liquid that removes lipstick unhesitatingly and safely from lips or anything else it happens to be on. All, here, at Lord & Taylor; J. W. Robinson.

Busy-season beauty tricks—a quick roundup: To "lift" and brighten the eye area, try lightening the area *above* the eyes. Apply white liner (Elizabeth Arden No. 12) to hollows above outer curves of brows, blending towards temples; then apply foundation and powder. . . . A new soft-pressed powder, Coty's French Flair, based on the air-spun theory of Coty loose powder, is light, yet clinging on the skin; softens lines; comes in a compact with all pressed-powder advantages. $1.50 plus tax. . . . New little blotters called Pretty-Quiks, patted on the face at odd times during the day, remove grease and dirt without (mysteriously) disturbing make-up. They look like thin, fine writing paper, are actually pure linen. cost $1 for 300. . . . Mascara cylinders now seem as indispensable as ball-point pens. A new one, Dorothy Gray Beauti-Lash, has an ingenious sliding cylinder that controls the flow of mascara onto the rod, protects it when not in use, keeps things tidy. The mascara, in black, brown, blue, or green. in a slim golden case: $2 plus tax.

New housing for lipstick (above, right): the newly designed case that holds Antoine de Paris lipstick—simple, columnar, with a charming contrast of silvery and gilt metal. The lipstick itself, in nine new shades, has a moisturizing ingredient that gives a high lustre—and a high degree of protection against chapping, drying. This, and all the other Antoine cosmetics, are at Saks Fifth Avenue.
New housing for perfume (left): very handsome in its clean perpendicular lines—the new aerosol-spray container that emits a cloud of Lanvin toilet water, in the My Sin scent. Delivering a much finer spray than any atomizer, it makes possible a real *ambiance*, an enveloping aura of fragrance on skin, hair, furs. Black enamel with gilt fluting; shown here actual size (3 oz.). $5 plus tax. Saks Fifth Avenue.

WILLIAM KLEIN

1



C.S. LEWIS allegory of love

FIVE SHORT VOY

BURCKHARDT

THE CIVILIZATION OF THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY

Good buys: printed blouses for paperback money

In any good blouse year (we're in the middle of a banner one), a blouse can be half the paying basis of a dozen looks. Here, because a jacket couldn't open on anything fresher, six printed blouses in one shade of opinion: it takes no more money to be *in* fashion than out. (Literary idea that works on a similar principle: the appearance, in paperback form, of hard-money writing. Title sampler, on these two pages.)
1. Paisleyed turquoise overblouse, belted high. Suit-colours to think about in the same context: brown, green, bright lilac. By Adelaar, of Orlon-and-wool jersey; $10. Marvella jewellery. Both: Bonwit Teller.
2. Daily supply of fresh flowers—much less costly than same. Red and white silk overblouse by Lady Manhattan; about $9. Bonwit Teller.

2











4



5



6



3. Black and white matte rayon jersey overblouse. (With so many skirts depending, literally, on camisoles now, you might start thinking this way: half-a-dozen isn't an overblouse too many.) $17. Bonwit Teller.
4. Stand-out overblouse in red and pink cotton satin; Empire strings attached. This, by Alice Stuart, about $7. From Bonwit Teller.
5. Victorian flowers, unsentimental tailoring—and price tag. Brown and gold shirt, by Ship 'n Shore, in cotton by Everfast, with Everglaze crease resistance; $5. Shag leather belt. Both, from Altman's.
6. Lilacs for the whole year at a price that's an equally pleasant surprise. By Diane Young; Maxwell silk. $6.50. Best & Co. May glasses: Lugene.



THE NEW ROUNDS OF LATE-DAY FURS

Arrival coat, black-dyed Alaska fur seal.
rounding ribbons of black grosgrain,
satin; invisible crinolining.
Definitely city, well past
the rush hour. At Gunther Jaeckel.
Black satin turban by Lilly Daché.
Van Cleef & Arpels jewels.
Andrew Geller shoes.

LAWLINGS



Empire-kimono shape in gun-metal mink—
an evening coat capable
of making a woman's diamonds and pearls
(these, from Van Cleef & Arpels)
look gloriously at home, away from home.
Coat designed by Emeric Partos in "Lutetia,"
Emba natural gun-metal mutation mink.
To order, at Bergdorf Goodman.



LOUISE DAHL-WOLFE



Late news, in black and white

Sometimes, the pleasantest engagement on a busy calendar is the evening that's free—and if no such restorative blank exists, it should be created. Among its pleasures might be: dinner on a tray; an idle leafing through the new edition of Alexandre Dumas' *Dictionary of Cuisine* with such deliciously smug entries as "PANTHER. We include this animal because there are people in India who eat it." And most charming: the chance to wear at-home clothes like these, in a fresh, delicious colour plan—black and white.

Left: Camille revived, ravishingly—in black and white. Peignoir, an airy, floor-length fall of black French Chantilly nylon lace; nightgown, white nylon tricot, with more lace appliquéd. Both, by Vanity Fair. Peignoir, about $140; nightgown, of Du Pont nylon, about $40. Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Marshall Field.

Above: A peignoir that's really a beautiful evening coat—evening at home, that is. Black rayon velvet, lined with white rayon satin; Ascot tie. By Perfect Negligée; about $90. Nightgown in white pure silk, French lace, satin. By Regine Brenner; about $100. Both: Henri Bendel; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Slippers, both pages: Capezio.





Clothes, here, for a season of evening galas, all with this extra good news: prices under $150; sizes up to 20. *Suit, left:* For a little evening—dinner, theatre — a dress and hip-skimming jacket of taupe silk faille. The dress has short sleeves, an open neckline. Good theatre hat: a violet velvet bow. Suit: Leonard Arkin; $90. Hat by Svend for Heim. Clothes, both pages, and the Coiffures Americana: Bergdorf Goodman. *Far left:* Evening hat of veiling with a few paillettes, three bows. By Paulette. *Lower left:* For don't-dress dinner, a shirtwaist dress of beige and gold silk lamé with wide gold-looking belt. The effect of this: a pale shimmer that's specially good with silvery hair. $110.

Mrs. Exeter's evenings—





DRAWINGS BY ESTHER LARSON





big and little

PRIGENT



Near left: Dress for an evening that's littler than big: chocolate-brown silk moire (one case where chocolate is slenderizing) with low neckline, a skillful skirt. By Fira Benenson; $145. Headband with grosgrain bows: Paulette. *Above:* When the men wear black ties—a dress of café silk chiffon with a low tucked bodice, sleeves (important to many Mrs. E.'s), a skirt floating from a raised waist. By Ceil Chapman; $145. *Above, right:* Also for black-tie evenings, a black dress with a floor-length draped skirt and panel that are kindness itself to hips. Shoes here: Paisley-printed cut velvet with good sense in disguise—a semi-high heel. Dress, of rayon crêpe; $145. Shoes, at Delman. *Right:* For a little-dinner party or a favourite restaurant: a silk barathea tube in nut brown, with a wide beige sash that disappears at the back, under blousing. The accessories: a tall toque of bronze velvet, brown satin shoes that repeat the semi-high heel. Dress, $90. Hat by Dior; shoes at Delman. Background on both pages, by Guy Roop.

VOGUE
PATTERNS



VOGUE PATTERN 1425

PRIGENT



Paris in patterns: the dress-and-coat plan

Good idea from Paris: a dress with its own private coat, to be made in the same, or a totally different fabric. Shown here, the original designs that appeared in the recent Paris collections; the copies, to be made easily—from Vogue Printed Patterns. NINA RICCI, *left:* A cone-shaped dress with little-dipper neckline, high-tied belt that disappears at back, under a buttoned panel. The coat barrels into fullness under a deep yoke, is straighter and unfitted at front. Vogue Pattern 1425, made here in deliberately dissimilar wools—the dress in black, the coat in turquoise blue. PATOU, *right:* Here, unidentical twins, both dark-grey tweed, and both with a two-piece look. The short-sleeved dress has a collarless V-neckline, easy skirt; the coat, at back, could pass for a waist-length jacket and triangular skirt. Vogue Pattern 1426. *For other views, yardages, sizes, and details see page 165.*

VOGUE PATTERN 1426

SOUTH AMERICA

When to go Where



COUNTRY	WHERE	WHEN	HOTELS
Argentina *Currency: Pesos*	BUENOS AIRES	Fall, winter, spring: March-December	Plaza, Alvear Palace
	MAR DEL PLATA	Summer: December-March	Provincial, Tourbillon
	SAN CARLOS DE BARILOCHE	Summer: December-March, Winter: July, August	Llao-Llao, Tunquelen, Catedral (winter)
	TIERRA DEL FUEGO	Summer: February	Savoy (in Punta Arenas, Chile)
Bolivia *Currency: Bolivianos*	LA PAZ	Summer: October-April	Crillón, Copacabana
	COPACABANA	Summer: October-April	Copacabana
Brazil *Currency: Cruzeiros*	RIO DE JANEIRO	Winter: May-November	Copacabana Palace, Gloria
	PETRÓPOLIS	Summer: December-April	Quitandinha
	SAÕ PAULO	Winter, spring: May-November	Jaraguá
	IGUASSÚ FALLS	Winter, spring: May-November	Hotel das Cataratas
	OURO PRETO	Winter, spring: May-October	Grande Hotel
	SALVADOR DA BAHIA	Winter: July-September	Hotel da Bahia
Chile *Currency: Pesos*	SANTIAGO	Summer: October-April	Carrera, Panamericano, Santa Lucia
	VIÑA DEL MAR	Summer: November-March	Miramar, San Martín (new)
	PORTILLO	Winter: July-September	Hotel Portillo
	CHILEAN LAKES	Summer: October-April	Gran Hotel Puerto Varas
Colombia *Currency: Pesos*	BOGOTÁ	Year-round season	Tequendama, Continental
	CALI	Year-round season	Alferez Real, Aristi
	MANIZALES	Year-round season	Escorial
	CARTAGENA	Winter: December-March	Caribe
Ecuador *Currency: Sucres*	QUITO	Year-round season	Humboldt Capitol, Colón
	PLAYAS	Summer: January-March	Humboldt
	GALÁPAGOS ISLANDS	Summer: March-December	Live aboard ship
Panama *Currency: Dollars*	PANAMA CITY	Spring: January-May	El Panama Hilton
Paraguay *Currency: Guaranis*	ASUNCIÓN	Summer: November-March	Gran Hotel, Asunción Palace
Peru *Currency: Soles*	LIMA	Summer: October-March	Gran Hotel Bolívar, Crillón
	CUZCO	Summer: October-March	Hotel de Turistas
	MACHU PICCHU	Summer: October-March	(Day trip from Cuzco)
	PUNO	Summer: October-March	Hotel Puno
	AREQUIPA	Summer: October-March	Hotel Turistas Arequipa
Uruguay *Currency: Pesos*	MONTEVIDEO	Year-round season	Victoria Plaza
	PUNTA DEL ESTE	Summer: December-March	Peninsula, San Rafael, Cantegril
Venezuela *Currency: Bolívares*	CARACAS	Winter, Spring: November-May	Tamanaco, Avila, Humboldt
	ISLA MARGARITA	Winter: December-February	Bella Vista (new)

RESTAURANTS	THINGS TO DO	SIGHTS
La Cabaña, Plaza Grill, Shorthorn Grill	Concerts, opera. Shopping: Nutria coats, alligator bags, vicuña, guanaco throws.	San Isidro and Palermo race tracks. *Asado* (barbecue) at a *pampa estancia.*
Hotels for dining	Big resort life—superb beaches.	Casinos. Chapadmalal *estancia*
Hotels for dining	Summer: superb salmon fishing. Winter: skiing.	"Bavarian" village on Lake Nahuel Huapí. Ski trails on Mt. Catedral.
Hotel for dining	Antarctica trip (check Argentine Navy in B.A.).	Freighters through Strait of Magellan.
Hotels for dining	Photography. Note: altitude 11,910 ft.	Tiahuanaco museum, Indian markets—women in bowler hats and multiple skirts.
Club Princesa	Overnight boat trip in 66-passenger British ship across high, blue Lake Titicaca.	Lashed-reed sailing boats called *balsas.* 17th-century baroque shrine.
Sacha's, Bife de Ouro	City and resort life: extraordinary beaches. Shopping: semiprecious stones.	Architecture, new Museum of Modern Art, Paquetá island. Carnival Feb. 7-10.
Hotel for dining	Orchid farm, sports, photography.	Imperial Museum, palace of Dom Pedro II.
La Casserole, La Popote	Extraordinary Museum of Art. Visit a coffee *fazenda* if possible.	Snake Institute Butantan. Magnificent drive to port of Santos.
Hotel for dining	Visit falls; hiking, photography.	Fantastic scenery where three countries meet.
Hotel for dining	See Churrigueresque sculpture by Aleijadinho.	Niemeyer-Portinari museum (in Belo Horizonte).
Hotel for dining	Swimming. See cathedral massed with gold.	Authentic Candomblé religious ceremonies.
El Pollo Dorado, Waldorf, Bellevue	Wild-dove shooting, concerts, shopping, horse racing, skiing nearby.	Santa Lucia hill fort, La Moneda (President's house), Cerro San Cristóbal.
Casino, hotels	Smart resort: gambling, dancing, skin-diving, golf, swimming.	Drive along coast, vineyards of excellent Chilean wineries.
Hotel for dining	Top place for winter sports. Fast skiing.	The Andes, laced with trails and runs.
Hotel for dining	Trout fishing, yachting, climbing, trips around Andean lakes.	Lake Llanquihue, Mt. Osorno, Lake Todos los Santos.
Grill Europa, Gran Vatel, Leon's Grill	Cosmopolitan city life: bullfights, theatre, opera, concerts, cafés.	San Carlos Palace, Cathedral, salt mines. Inca gold and emeralds at Banco Central.
Hotels for dining	Visit sugar plantations, Hacienda Cañas Gordas.	Day trip to rare Colonial city, Popayán.
Hotel for dining	Skiing year-round at Nevado del Ruiz.	Enormous cathedral, coffee plantations.
Hotel for dining	Swimming, deep-sea fishing. Barranquilla trip.	Fortressed old pirate city on sandpits.
Hotels for dining	Shopping: native art, hand-loomed fabrics, copper, silver. Photograph Indian markets.	Magnificent churches, Colonial art museums, Indian fairs at Saquisilí, Otavalo, Riobamba.
Hotel for dining, private clubs	Swimming from vast white beaches.	Deep-sea fishing. Smart Ecuadorian resort.
Inns on San Cristóbal	Ship passage arrangeable in Guayaquil.	13 islands of rare wildlife. Deep-sea fishing.
Maxim's, No Me Digas (night clubs)	Free-port shopping for almost everything.	Panama Canal. Big-game fishing, hunting.
Hotels for dining	Shopping: *ñanduty* lace mats, silver *bombillas.*	Italianate architecture, Indian women.
Le Pavillon, "91," Country Club	Shopping: silver, alpaca. Bullfights in 1763 pink arena. Julio C. Tello museum.	Beguiling city of theatres, Spanish Colonial architecture, museums, plazas, palaces.
Hotel for dining	Inca-Colonial city. See pre-Columbian art. Private *autocarril* trip to Machu Picchu.	Archaeology. Van Dyke painting in Cathedral. Festivals: Jan. 6; March 23. Sunday Market in Pisac.
Lunch: government inn	See unique Inca ruins, a world wonder.	Terraced honeycomb of great white temples.
Hotel for dining	Fishing for world's largest trout at 12,641 ft.	Lake Titicaca, llamas, tasselled alpacas.
Hotel for dining	Shopping: alpaca rugs, hand-woven tweeds, ceramics.	*Mestizo* churches of *sillar* stone. Mt. Misti.
Victoria Hotel Grill, Chichilo's	Shopping: suède jackets, antelope bags. Casinos. Cattle roundups close by.	Legislative palace, harbour drive to Carrasco.
Capri, Museo (bar), Nao Nao (dancing)	Resort diversions: golf, swimming, yachting.	Portezuelo beach, superb ocean and bay swimming, casinos. "Biarritz" of S. America.
Tony's, Hector's	Expensive city life: night clubs, concerts, theatre. Cable car to Humboldt Hotel.	Venezuelan Officers' Club, University, Cathedral, National Pantheon.
Hotel for dining	Superb swimming, deep-sea fishing.	Diving for oyster pearls. Endless beaches.

HOW

BY AIR

From New York to the east coast: Aerolineas Argentinas (jets scheduled for spring), Pan American World Airways, Varig Airlines, TSA Transcontinental.
From Miami to the east coast: Braniff Airways, Pan American, Real, LAV and Avensa (to Venezuela).
From California and Canada to the east coast: Canadian Pacific Airlines.
From New York to the west coast: Panagra, Braniff and Avianca (to Peru).
From Miami: Panagra; TAN and Avianca (to Peru).
Air fare to Argentina from New York, with stops, maximum, with berth, $1,175; excursion $648, both round trip.

BY SHIP

From New York to the east coast: Moore McCormack, Argentine State Line, Delta (from New Orleans).
Freighters: Alcoa, to Venezuela.
From New York to the west coast: Grace Line.
From California: Johnson Line.
From England: Pacific Line ships collect passengers at Bermuda, Nassau, and Havana, then cruise to Chile.
Fare depends on season, ship, and destination.
New York to Argentina, with stops, from $1,080 first class, round trip.

BY CAR

For driving along the unfinished Pan American Highway, see the new AAA booklet, *Motoring in Central and South America.*

NOTES: Spanish is spoken in South American countries except in Brazil where Portuguese is spoken.
Seasons are reversed below the equator. Except in Venezuela and Panama, rates of exchange are favourable to travellers with dollars.
Some countries require visas.
Dining hours are late. Tap water is not always drinkable.

GOSSIPY MEMO ON BERMUDA

Rolling, tidy, and green, Bermuda is a three-hour flight from New York, making it, apart from an enduring place for vacationists, a coming place for weekenders. Among the airlines touching there: B.O.A.C., Eastern, Pan American, Trans-Canada, and Eagle Airways which has Super-Viscounts with hibiscus-red seats facing the rear, and wall medallions of ten eagles. Round trip, tourist, $105. Many cruise ships go to Bermuda; the "Queen of Bermuda" and the "Ocean Monarch" have regular sailings from New York.

COTTAGE COLONIES *bloom all over the Bermuda landscape.* Ariel Sands, *in Devonshire, with its green houses on a green hill by a green sea, names its houses after the characters in* The Tempest *who were shipwrecked on the "still-vex'd Bermoothes." A genial life revolves around the terrace, bar, and the beach where the surf breaks safely into a large square pool.* Lantana Colony Club, *in Sandys Parish, slants from a hilltop to Great Sound. Its palmy pleasance is planted with pink air-cooled villas, where maids come every morning to cook guests' breakfasts. Outside the new club house, in a semicircular pond, are the only two white swans in Bermuda (brought from Washington, D.C.). Cedar tables and chairs give the mauve and gold dining room a pungent scent. The Talbot Nephews play on Saturday nights, when the rounded outdoor terrace is chic for dancing.* Cambridge-Beaches, *in Somerset, has twenty-five acres of greenery, and two dozen or so cottages around a seventeenth-century house. An ancient tamarisk tree parasols the terrace where guests lunch between swims in Mangrove Bay.* The Reefs, *in Southampton Parish, cliff-hangs over a satiny, rock-girt beach. From its main house a string of rose sleeping-cabanas cascade onto a rocky promontory. It all has a rather Riviera look —tiled floors, striped awnings, a terrace flung over rocks with the sea far below. Cottage colonies, for two, with meals, range around $36 a day. Note: For a private house with maid and services, write Mal Martin, Bermuda Cottages, Marley Beach, Warwick Parish.*

GUESTHOUSES are a special Bermuda charm. *Waterloo House,* a rambling pink house with flowered courtyards and a green pool, overlooks Hamilton Harbour. Banked in blue morning-glories, stairways lead to the upper rooms, which have refrigerators and stoves, dressing rooms, and balconies. The English manager, Miss Margaret Hargreaves, has an agreeable way of attending to such details as motor bikes, boat trips, and surrey-fringed taxis. Guests have cards to Coral Beach Club. *Four Ways Inn,* Paget West, is painted a hot Roman red in gay contrast to its cool blue pool. At night, guests dine by the lighted pool at small candlelit tables. A French chef cooks, among other dishes, broiled lobster, sliced and refitted into the shell (superb with a chilled Moselle wine). The American owner, George Scrimshaw, has nautical memorabilia all around: an 1809 pilot wheel from the battleship "Essex" made into a huge coffee table, 18th-century English naval paintings. *Horizons,* perched prettily on a cone in Paget, looks over the South Shore and has, surrounding its main pink house, smaller pink houses. Quiet and cosy, it is across the road from the lively Coral Beach Club to which guests are given cards. Guesthouse rates: from $15 a person a day, with meals.

CLUBS: Coral Beach and Tennis Club, *in Paget, floats on a cliff above an extraordinary stretch of bone-white sand. People lunch on a high terrace in swimming suits while impudent sparrows hop tamely on the tables pecking at crumbs.* Mid-Ocean Club *in Tucker's Town has a famous wavy golf course which has three tees for every hole. There are private beaches, tennis courts, good movies Sunday nights, and a pleasant outdoor dining terrace.* Pompano Club, *in Southampton, appeals to fishermen as, along with cottages, skin diving, and water-skiing, there is a fishing club for surf casting, deep-sea, and reef fishing. Skin divers go to Gibbet Beach in Smith's Parish where Mr. and Mrs. Park Breck have a well-equipped school for neophyte divers.*

RESTAURANTS: *The Beefeater* in Hamilton, painted white and charcoal grey, glows with a blazing grill where steaks and butterfly shrimp are cooked. Facing Hamilton Harbour, *The Waterfront* looks like a ship's lounge inside, but outside, like a tropical garden. It is for both cocktails and dining. *Waterlot Inn,* owned by an American, John Faiella, is a colonial inn with banana-yellow public rooms and cedar-beamed ceilings. On warm nights people dine outside on an apron of grass jutting into Riddell's Bay. In a walled-off pond, five pet turtles play, and one may choose fresh crayfish from a trap. Other dishes: snails, steak, frogs' legs.

Bermuda: The living room at Stanwick

Opposite: The all-white living room of Mr. and Mrs. John Hornburg's Bermuda house is lit by splashes of local colour—orange, sunny yellow, a brilliant poppy red. Like the still lifes on the walls, a scattering of small cushions in hot pinks and oranges, chairs covered in poppy-printed French cotton, yellow silk pads on the chairs around the long refectory table reflect the tropic flowerings outside. The house itself, with its whitewashed plaster walls and tray ceiling follows the island's eighteenth-century colonial tradition: outside walls are terra-cotta plaster; the roof is stepped and white, and a separate "buttery" in one corner serves as guest room. In this setting the Hornburgs pursue interests as indigenous as their house. An amateur gardener, Mr. Hornburg is particularly proud of his flourishing begonias and amaryllis; Mrs. Hornburg, the former Polly Trott, is a native Bermudian whose designs for informal clothes have made themselves known both on and off the island. (More about the Hornburgs—and Bermuda—on the following pages.)

PHILIP STEARNS

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING



*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabrics or draperies shown here.

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lightweight, washable draperies of Dacron

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Newer than your decorating plans are these light, lovely draperies of DACRON*. Now you can enjoy new window beauty with all the easy care and long wear of DACRON. A quick wash, a touch of an iron—that's all it takes to keep these draperies fresh as spring. Because these fabrics are made of 100% DACRON polyester fiber, the sheer beauty stands up to sunlight. No tearing in a breeze. No problems from stretching or sagging. Plenty of exciting new prints to choose from, in high-fashion decorator colors. All at prices to amaze and delight you. 50" fabric approximately $2.50 per yard.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY* DUPONT

Look for new draperies of DACRON at these and other fine stores: **Allentown,** Pa., H. Leh & Co.; **Charleston,** W. Va., Woodrums'; **Dayton,** Ohio, Rike Kumler; **Green Bay,** Wisc., H. C. Prange & Company; **Knoxville,** Tenn., Millers, Inc.; **New York,** N. Y., B. Altman & Co.; **Pittsburgh,** Pa. Joseph Horne; **St. Paul,** Minnesota, Schuneman's.



At the Pompano Club, skin divers and a pool of tropical fish

BERMUDA: Mr. and Mrs. John Hornburg

Like nearly everyone else in Bermuda, Mr. and Mrs. Hornburg, whose living room is photographed on our Fashions in Living cover, are addicted to the water sports. With their two young daughters, Suzanne and Lisa, aged twelve and seven, they swim, sun, water-ski, and indulge in the current craze for skin diving. (Its devotees—some of them in brilliantly striped skin divers' suits designed by Mrs. Hornburg—coast in shoals off the coral reefs in search of tropical fish.) Evenings, the Hornburgs entertain in a characteristically Bermudian pattern of outgoing hospitality, easygoing elegance. Buffet suppers take place on the terrace with the first course—perhaps a cold curried pea-and-tomato soup, with a shrimp afloat in each plate—served from a tray and the rest set out on big tables. Mr. Hornburg, an accomplished chef, may take over the main course himself; his specialties—barbecued meats, a chop suey of oyster and shrimp. A local band plays calypso and other music throughout dinner; there's dancing later.

The Hornburgs, dressed for dinner-at-home



PHILIP STEARNS

SLEEPY HOLLOW:



Above: The mauve-pink house with its trim, salt-white shutters, its terraced entrance banked with mosses, giant begonias, philodendrons in pots.



Above: A basketwork surrey—last of its kind on the island—driven by its owner, Mrs. Oliver Brooks, on a visit to Sleepy Hollow.

White-shuttered, mauve-pink Sleepy Hollow was originally—circa 1710—a one-story plantation house with a lower level (made up of slave quarters) partially underground. Later excavated, this is now the first floor (opening on a broad grassy terrace in front). Here, against the flower-hung garden wall, the Fitzpatricks do much of their entertaining. (Curries are special fare, served by waitresses dressed in saris: the Fitzpatricks lived for years in India where Mr. Fitzpatrick was governor of the Imperial Bank of India.) Inside, the first-floor rooms are paved with the original stones, coolly carpeted in straw, and the walls are white plaster with beautiful polished posts and beams of native cedar. In the upstairs drawing room, the typically Bermudian tray ceiling was removed to expose a lattice of soaring cedar rafters, curiously striped by centuries of lath and plaster. The furniture at Sleepy Hollow, most of it found on the island by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, is at once distinctive and cheerfully informal: in the drawing room, sofa and chairs in green-and-white chintz; Indian rugs of dark green wool with thick white fringe; curtains of white sheeting banded in dark green. A secretary desk, in modern reproduction, was lacquered black and patterned with découpage by Mrs. Fitzpatrick to house a collection of jade and ivory. Throughout the house: tubs of tropical plants—for parties, pink and red hibiscus are tucked among their leaves.

On the stairs: straw matting, a rope "bannister."



First-floor living room: beams.



The Bermuda house of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Fitzpatrick



Second-floor landing, looking toward drawing room.

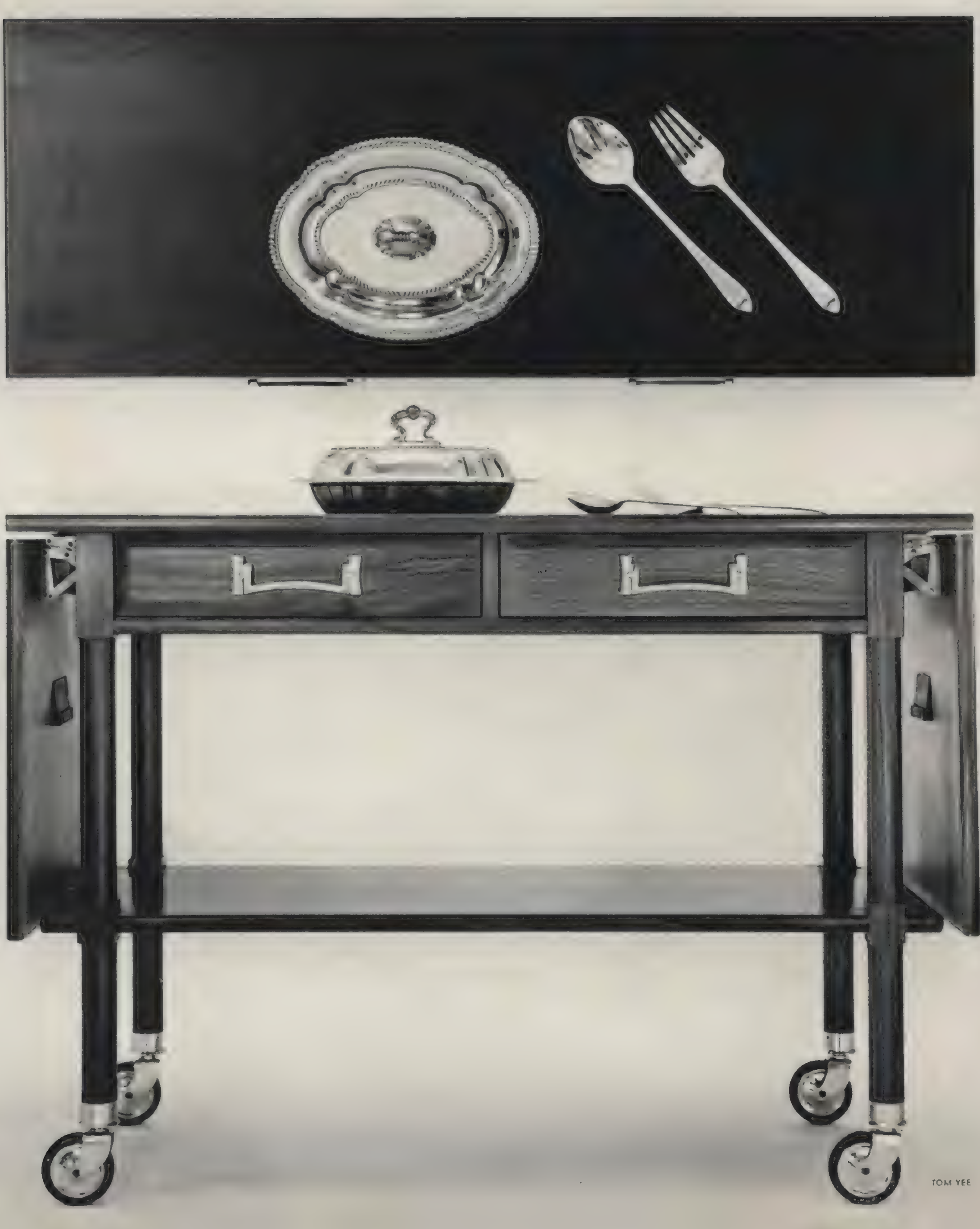


The upstairs study, with its high hearth, was the original kitchen

The drawing room upstairs: many-windowed, cedar-rafted.

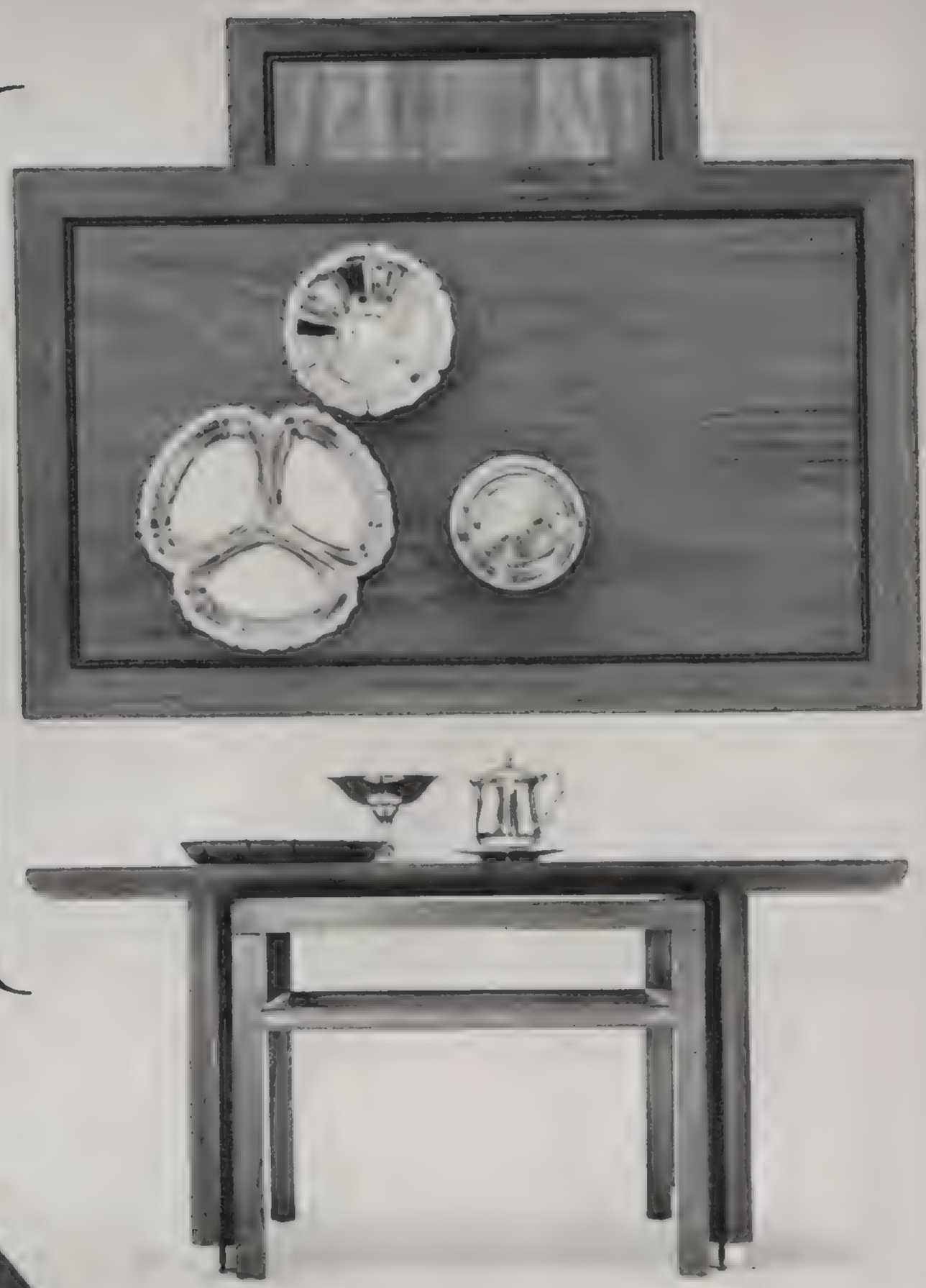
PHILIP STEARNS

THREE WAYS TO LOOK A CHRISTMAS



TOM YEE

LIST IN THE FACE



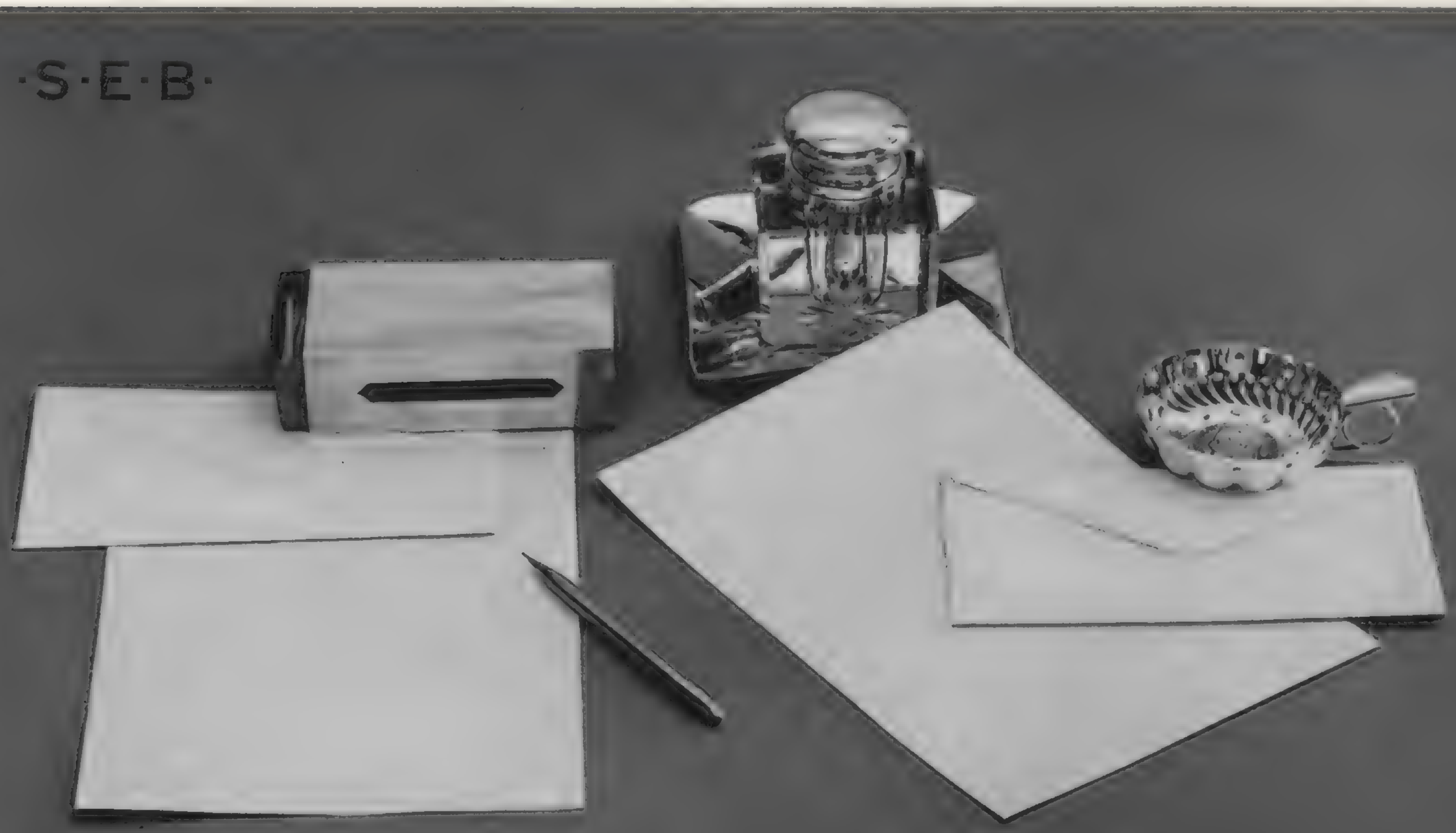


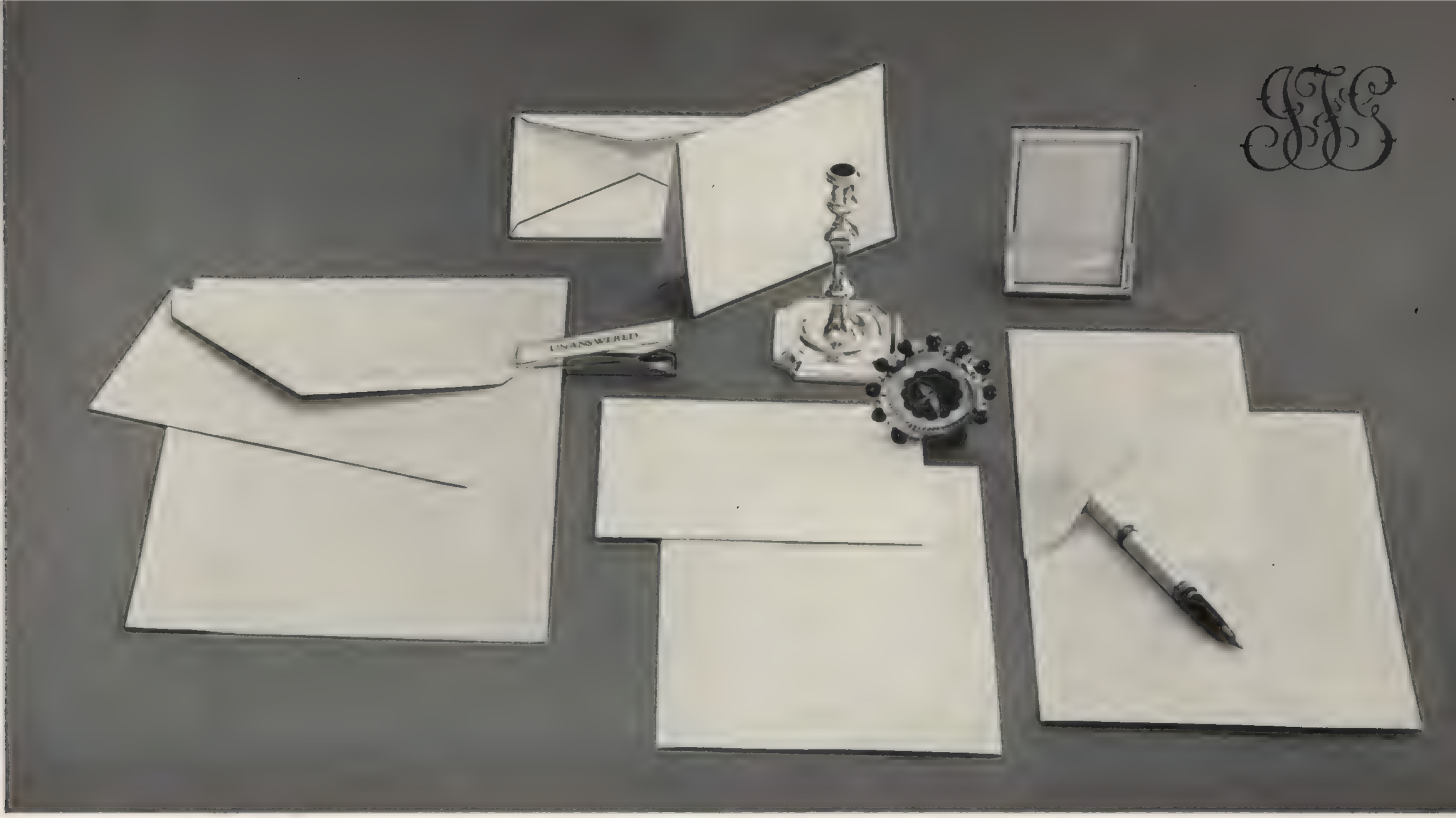
Entered on something like one out of four lists, at one time or another, we hear; request for the small, classic table. Since it's a big present, we've made it the first-shown of Vogue's 1958 house presents. Here, full-face and in profile, three of the best small tables we could find. Each could fit into almost any plan. Shown with the tables here, another classic, unbeatable present—a little or a lot of silver. *Far left:* Top and side views of a walnut trolley table twenty-nine inches high, and long on durability (there's a black Formica surface). About $170. On the table, Gorham's double vegetable dish in sterling silver. Silver serving fork and spoon. *This page, at top:* The cocktail table—now a nest of two. Together, in walnut bordered with a ribbon of dark wood. About $105. Compote, relish dish, and Paul Revere syrup jug, all in sterling silver by Lunt. *This page, at left:* Butler's-tray table; folding sides to make it a rectangle, occasionally. In fruit wood, about $110. Coffeepot, cream pitcher, and sugar bowl standing on a Micarta-welled tray—all from Reed & Barton in sterling silver. *All three tables* are by Heritage; all are at W. & J. Sloane; Woodward & Lothrop; Colby's, and shops listed on page 165. For the silver's whereabouts, same page.



CHRISTMAS LIST IN THE PAPER STAGE

To order now, while the ordering's good: letter papers marked with something the recipient already has—namely. name or monogram. Here, the desk-work is neatly divided between men and women—the papers and monogram-suggestions at the top of each page are for women; those below, for men. As for the rest of the desk equipment, no limits are set—all belong in the wonderful, often maddening-to-find category: presents equally good for men and women and for a household. The specific whereabouts of the desk equipment: told at right. *All of the papers are stocked as open stock at Altman's, plus shops listed on page 165.*





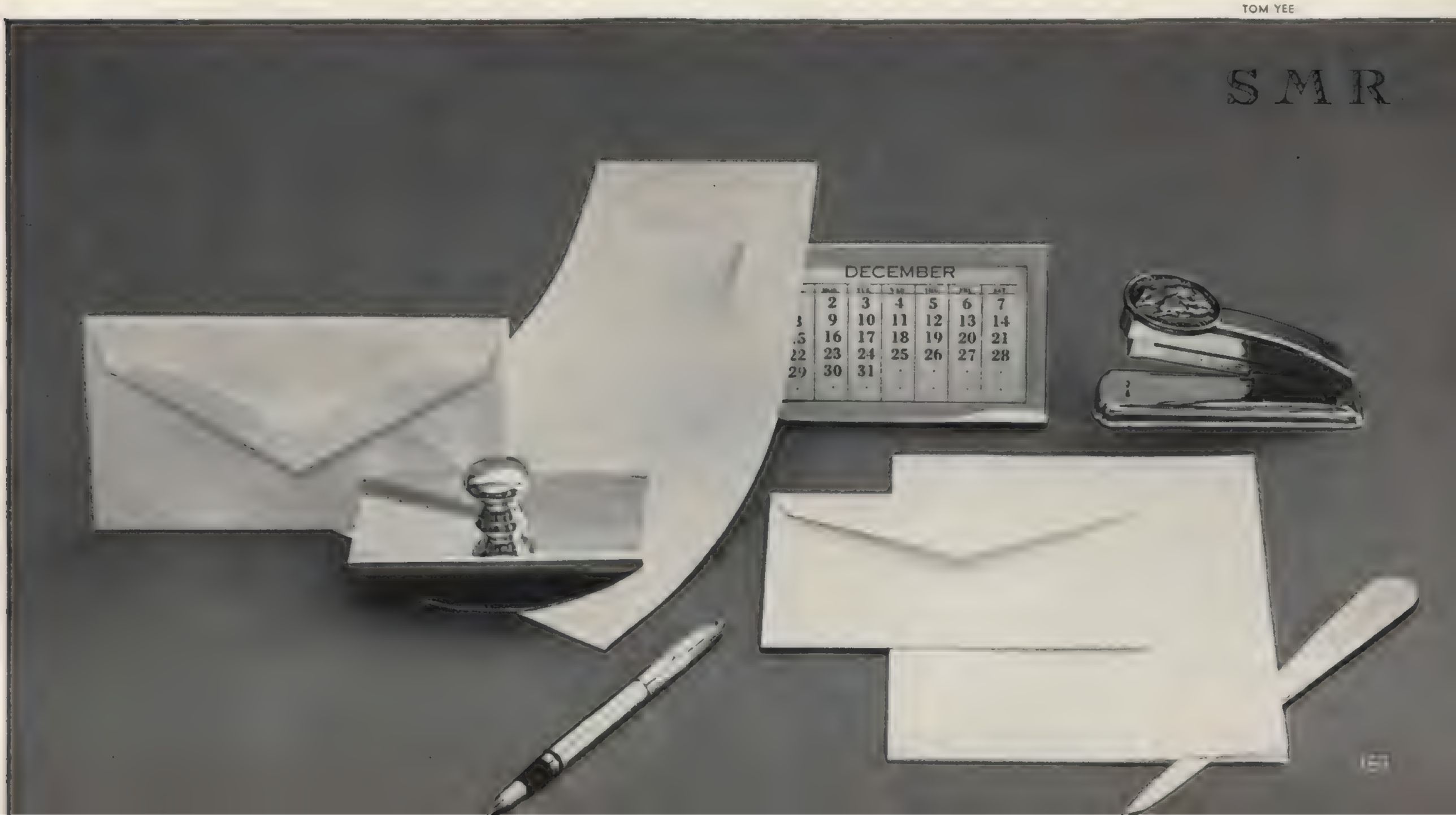
Facing page, top: A handsome collection of letter papers for a woman's desk—all, Eaton-made. Blue-bordered postcards, about $12 for some 500. The note papers, all with white-lined envelopes, all under $2 a box. Sterling silver desk accessories shown with the above (one prize: a silver egg to hatch paper clips, stamps) are from Tiffany.

Facing page, below: Man-size Eaton papers, in what's known as legation size. Paper at left, $4 a box; at right, $3. Desk friends here: gold pencil by Sheaffer. The sterling silver matchbox, $31; wine-taster ash tray, $30; crystal and silver inkwell, $70; all three, tax included, at Cartier.

This page, top: Woman's side of the desk—equipped with a fresh batch of Crane papers. Among them, red-bordered semi-note paper, its envelopes red-lined; $8 a box. Writing means here a silvery-white Lady Sheaffer pen. Other equipment: a sterling silver "Unanswered" clip ($9, tax included), candlestick, frame, and a magnificent gold clock wearing diamonds and lapis lazulis; from Tiffany.

This page, below: Men's writing room, now—with two Crane papers. And? Sheaffer's Snorkel pen in gold. The sterling silver opener, rocker blotter, and calendar frame from Cartier. Gold-plated stapler, coin-handled: Lord & Taylor.

TOM YEE



How to eat a Christmas list

Wonderful thing about giving food for Christmas is the part about who sends it (the shop), who delivers it (the postman), and who orders it with blessed ease (you—if you order it soon). The rest of what's wonderful about food for Christmas ought to be in the food itself—the case in all of the cases listed here. You might order some to be sent to your house too, to store away against the day when your husband remembers that he has an office-presents-list, and what can *you* do about it in the next three hours? Other likely prospects for the food present: children's teachers; unheralded holiday callers (they to your house and you to theirs); people for whom it's difficult to think of something; people for whom it's easy to think of something . . .

Now on with the business at hand—which is to point out a few shops delighted to take your order and mail it to an indicated destination. Many deliver free of charge, others add the postal fee. No matter. (No taxi meter, either.) Remember to enclose the message you want to have sent along with each present you order.

The makings for Cherries Jubilee are nice to have around, Christmas time or whenever, and thanks to the Raffetto people they are available at Maison Glass, 52 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York 22. Prepared with brandy and spice and other things nice (including a recipe), they're priced at $3.75 the quart jar, which will produce at least 10 servings. At the same address you'll find Colorado Rainbow Trout with a sour cream and horse-radish sauce (8-ounce tin serves two, $1.80) to be presented cold in a ring of Feyel Veal Aspic perhaps (1 pound, 13 ounces, $2.25).

Fraser-Morris and Company, 872 Madison Avenue, New York 21, has a store of helpful items for the hostess, an outstanding example being the delicate pastry cornucopias, about one-and-a-half inches long, to be filled with fish, meat, or cheese mousses (twenty-four to a box, $1.69). Peanuts roasted without oil leave only the crisp peanut taste and are the choice of many finicky appetites, among them those of peanut-loving dieters. These arrive in an amusing tin with a dispenser (4¾ pound tin, $9.95 postpaid in the U.S.). A tunnel-shaped tin holds one pound of imported Galantine of chicken to be chilled and served, sliced thin, on little pieces of toast ($6.25 in 16-oz. tin).

The coffee *aficionado* on your list will be pleased to receive in the mail some of the purest Colombian coffee packed in a burlap bag with a little window that lets him see the beans. Fraser-Morris has this ready to mail with an address tag (1 pound, $1.45).

For someone to whom the game is the thing, Fraser-Morris imports several kinds from England. Kington's packs the birds in aspic. Some are sliced and would be attractive served in a pretty dish with the aspic poured over and chilled. (Sliced pheasant in aspic—1 pound, $5.59; sliced duck in aspic—1 pound, $4.49; whole grouse in aspic (this one can be heated)—1 pound, $4.95; whole partridge in aspic—1 pound, $4.95). All of these plus postage.

More from Fraser-Morris: Chalet Suzanne, makers of the delicious Romaine soup, have added three more. Massalah, a cream soup made of shrimp, coconut, and orange rind; Fromaut, puréed shrimp with Swiss cheese among the ingredients; and Charisse, a mixture of crabmeat and light herbs. These four soups in a case of twelve would be a fine and useful present (13 ozs., 70 cents; case of 12, $8). Prices do not include postage.

In the candy department, Fraser-Morris offers sharp lemon-flavoured hard candies from Belgium, most refreshing after a rich meal. They're also available in raspberry flavour (12 ozs., 75 cents). Imported rock candy sugar for coffee or tea comes in rainbow colours, white, or brown (1 lb., 59 cents). Neither of these prices includes postage.

For a friend whose sweet tooth is fairly dazzling, you might investigate Perugina, 636 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, where heavenly confections from Italy come packed in engaging guises. About 12 pounds of assorted chocolates and creams are "boxed" in a 24″ x 34″ picture frame with an English hunting print on the box cover ($65). A wooden chest with a framed print of Perugia (home town of these goodies) encloses a rich collection of fudgy chocolate truffles, coffee creams, and nuts (3 lbs., $12.95; 7 lbs., $19.95). A visit to Perugina is enlightening if only to find uncommon Christmas tree ornaments, such as a sequin-embroidered pink, white, or blue tulle stocking, filled with soft-centred hard candies (8″ size, 75 cents; 12″, $2.25; 24″, $4.25). Also on hand to grace the big fir is an enormous marzipan fruit with larger than life-size marzipan walnuts (1¼ lb., $3.95). All Perugina prices are plus postage.

Before getting on to heartier fare, a look into Blum's, 700 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, where the breezes are fragrant, and the packages idea-giving even to the stern breed of calorie computers. Here you'll come upon a white candleholder, decorated with red and green gems and topped with a real wax candle (red). The edible surprise is inside the candleholder: three 8-oz. tins of almondettes, coffeeteens, and assorted lumps (1½ lbs., $6.95 not including tax or postage). A Christmas tree stands atop a tier of golden-wrapped boxes filled with Christmas fancies, bittersweet mints and pecan patties (3 lbs., 12 ozs., $12.50). While you're ordering from Blum's, you might ask also for their fruit cake. It's carefully aged and made with tropical fruits and nuts (1 lb., $2.25; 2 lbs., $4.50; 3 lbs., $6.75). Postage here is not included in the given price.

A rich, moist 5-pound fruit cake is superbly put together by Mrs. V. P. Heatwole, Oakridge, North Carolina. $8.75 for a 5-lb. cake, gift wrapping included. $5.25 for a 3-lb. cake. Postage extra.

To build a better guest-trap, get new kinds of interesting cheese. And this is where. Though it's aged cheddar cheese from New York State, you send for it over the line in Connecticut. Mildly sharp and excellent plain *(Continued on page 166)*

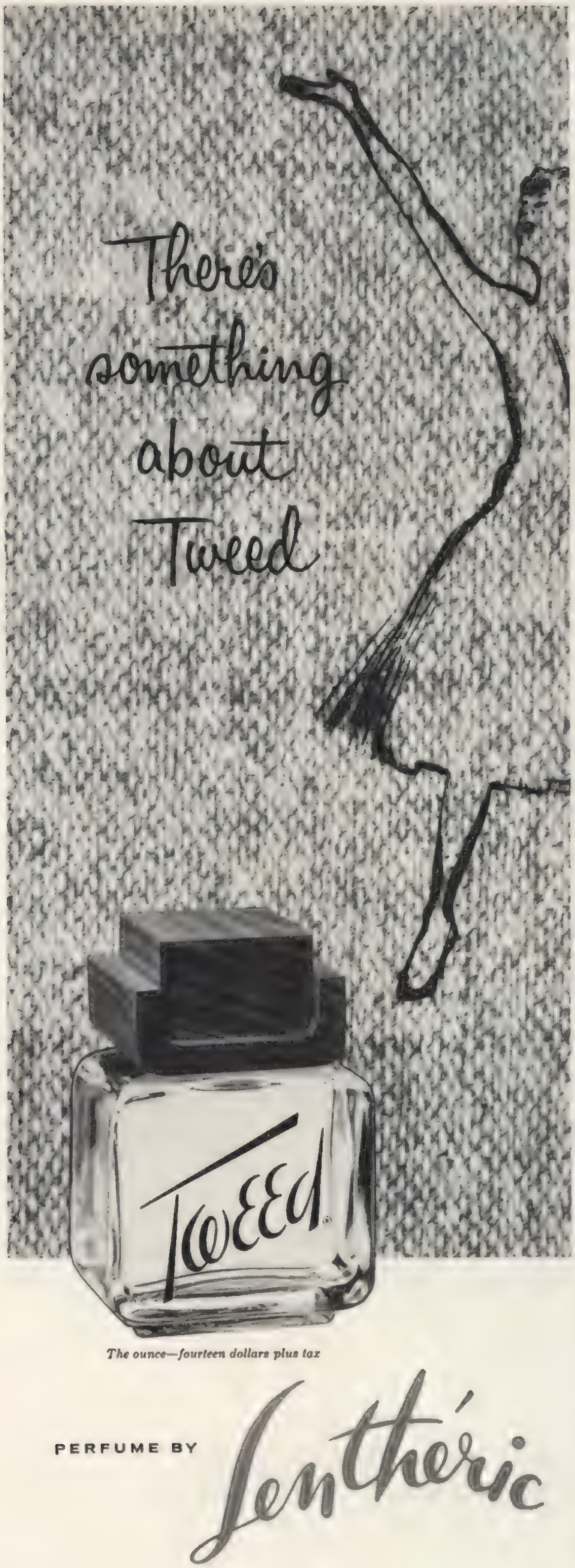


6 piece place setting $35.00 F.T.I. • Sterling is for NOW and for YOU.

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Classic Rose by Reed & Barton

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The ounce—fourteen dollars plus tax

PERFUME BY Lentheric

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL



British classics for little girls

Here, and on page 164, classic clothes for little girls—imported from England, and buyable at Lord & Taylor. *Left:* Tailored dress for executives of six or under—red plaid cotton-and-wool gingham, with long cuffed sleeves, white Eton collar, high yoke. For sizes 3 to 6x. $20. *Centre:* Fine British partnership—a Shetland wool sweater in sea green, a box-pleated skirt of blue-grey wool tweed. Sweater, $14; skirt, $15; both, sizes 7 to 14. *Right:* Tartan kilt of wool-and-rayon in Dress Stewart plaid, coming between a grey Shetland wool sweater, and heavy ribbed wool leggings (these—feetless). Kilt, $7; sweater, $14; in sizes 7 to 14. Leggings, $9.

New York Model Wife gets first peek . . .

at the newest styles, models, flavors, colors of today's top products . . . knows they're dependable and buys them for her own family . . .



FPG

She's always satisfied most with a BRAND that's made a NAME for itself!

MANUFACTURER



"I MADE IT

. . . and I knew I had to make it the best, most up-to-date product at the lowest possible price. Otherwise, people would start buying somebody else's product. I can't risk my business by making anything but the best."

DEALER



"I SOLD IT

. . . and I knew it would live up to its claims, because it's made a good name for itself. I don't like to sell unproved, untried products that may not satisfy customers. Satisfied customers build my business."

CUSTOMER



"I BOUGHT IT

. . . because I knew the name, knew it would be just what I wanted. I usually get the best selection, the newest improvements, and the real values when I stick to advertised brands. And I save time, too."

Better buy by BRAND NAME the famous makers' names you trust!

Jackfin



classics
designed
with a
"tailored-in"
difference

Slim black broadcloth skirt with hand tailored grosgrain pockets. Sizes 8 to 18, about $19
The white shirt of pure silk in sizes 10 to 18, about $15.

At leading stores throughout the country or write:
The Jackfin Company,
1384 Broadway,
New York 18, New York.

designed by Leonilda

Gunther Jaeckel
New York

Gidding's
Cincinnati

Jordan Marsh
Miami

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL



British classics for little girls

Left: As classic for little girls as *Alice in Wonderland*—a jumper of red plaid cotton-and-wool gingham, with a smocked yoke. In it, a shirt of white knitted cotton (an American entry). Jumper, $11; shirt, $2. Sizes 2, 3, 3x. *Centre:* Coat and leggings of wool tweed in lavender—the leggings with a leather strap under the shoe to keep them taut, trim. The coat, double-breasted, with velveteen collar. Sizes 3 to 6x; $65. Hat, made in U.S.A. *Right:* Another coat and leggings—the wool coat of Black Watch plaid, leggings of dark green velveteen. Coat, $30; leggings, $8; both, sizes 3 to 6x. Plaid hat, made in U.S.A. Shoes and gloves, also British imports.

THIS IS
your look!



COSTUME BY PAULINE TRIGERE
INTOXICATION PERFUME BY D'ORSAY

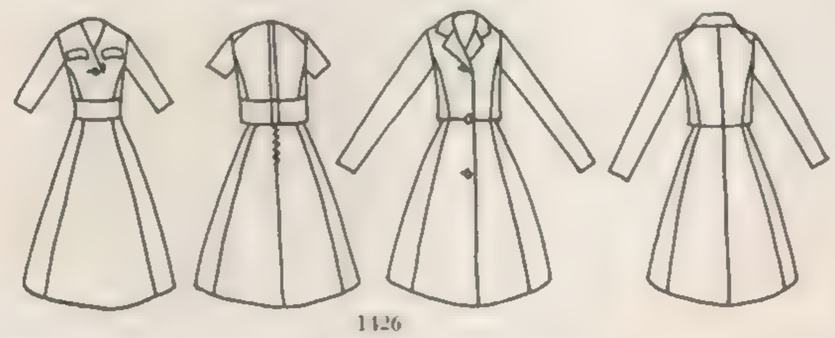
VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of Patterns shown on pages 146-147)



1425

Above: Vogue Pattern 1425, designed by Nina Ricci, in sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). The two sketches at left show the dress; the two at right, the coat. In size 14, the dress takes 2⅞ yards of 54" fabric without nap; 3¼ yards of 54" fabric without nap makes the coat. Price, $3.



1426

Above: Vogue Pattern 1426, designed by Patou, in sizes 12 to 20 (32 to 40). The one-piece dress, sketched twice at left; two views of the coat, with two-piece effect, show at right. 5½ yards of 54" fabric without nap will make the entire costume in size 14. Price, $3.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered.

NOTE PAPERS

Following is a list of stores throughout the country where the Crane and Eaton note papers shown on pages 158-159 may be found

CRANE PAPERS:

Atlanta, Ga.....Rich's
Boston, Mass.....Jordan Marsh
Detroit, Mich.....J. L. Hudson
Kansas City, Mo.....Jaccards
New Orleans, La.....Leon Godchaux
Philadelphia, Pa.....John Wanamaker
San Francisco, Calif.....I. Magnin
St. Louis, Mo.....Mermod, Jaccard, King
Washington, D. C.....Julius Garfinckel

EATON PAPERS:

Boston, Mass.....Jordan Marsh
Buffalo, N. Y.....William Hengerer
Chattanooga, Tenn.....Lovemans
Cleveland, Ohio.....Halle Bros.
Columbus, Ohio.....F. & R. Lazarus
Denver, Colo.....Denver Dry Goods
Detroit, Mich.....J. L. Hudson
Hartford, Conn.....G. Fox
Indianapolis, Ind.....L. S. Ayres
Kansas City, Mo.....Emery, Bird, Thayer
Louisville, Ky.....Stewart Dry Goods
New Orleans, La.....D. H. Holmes
Pittsburgh, Pa.....Joseph Horne
San Francisco, Calif.....The White House
St. Louis, Mo...Scruggs, Vandervoort, Barney
Washington, D. C.....Woodward & Lothrop

HERITAGE FURNITURE

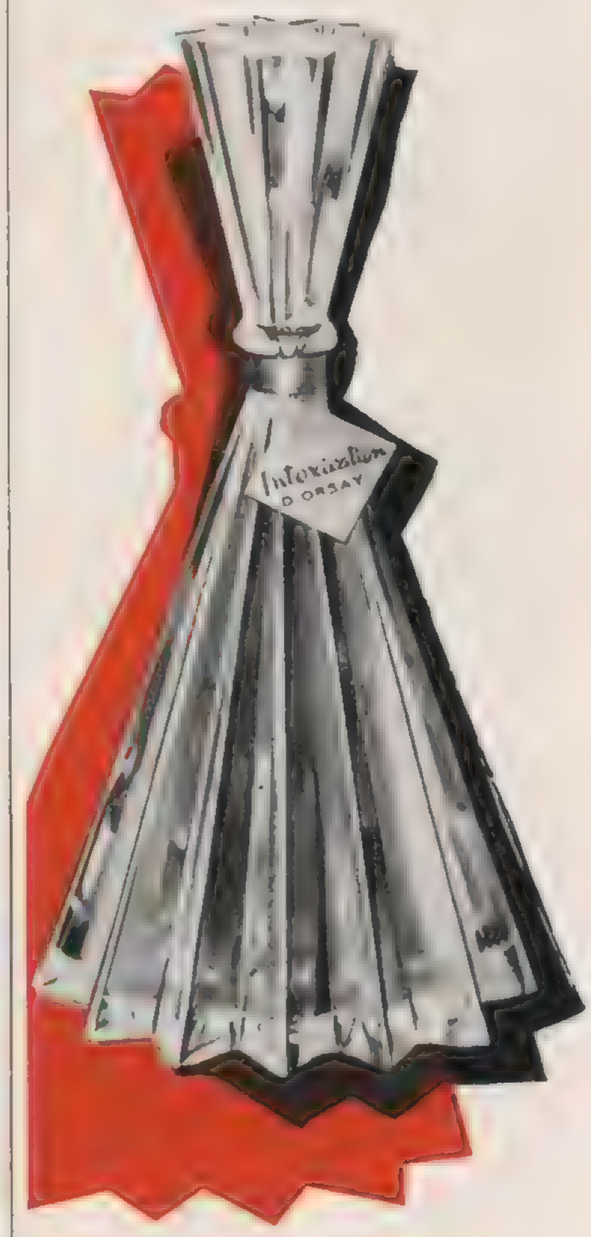
Following is a list of stores across the country where the Heritage Furniture on pages 156-157 may be found.

Boston, Mass.....Paine Furniture
Chattanooga, Tenn.....Fowler Bros.
Cleveland, Ohio.....Halle Bros.
Columbus, Ohio.....F. & R. Lazarus
Houston, Tex.....Suniland Furniture
Kansas City, Mo.....Edward Keith
Los Angeles, Calif.....Cannell and Chaffin
Milwaukee, Wis.....Kunzelmann-Esser
Morganton, N. C.....Nite Furniture
New Orleans, La.....Nu Idea Furniture
Norfolk, Va.....Willis Furniture
Oakland, Calif.....Bonyge's
Pasadena, Calif.....Biggar Furniture
Philadelphia, Pa.....John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa.....Joseph Horne
Pomona, Calif.....Biggar Furniture
San Francisco, Calif.....W. & J. Sloane
Santa Ana, Calif.....Biggar Furniture

The sterling silver vegetable dish, and the fork and spoon shown on page 156 are at Black, Starr & Gorham, in New York.

The Reed & Barton sterling silver coffee set, and the Lunt relish dish, compote, and syrup jug shown on page 157 are at Georg Jensen in New York.

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Intoxication
D'ORSAY
of Paris

PERFUME and TOILET WATER $3 to $300 (plus tax)
CREATED IN PARIS... COMPOUNDED IN THE U.S.A.



HOW TO EAT A CHRISTMAS LIST

(Continued from page 160)

or in cooking, it comes in 2 pound blocks ($2.50 plus postage) from Journey's End, Riverton, Conn.

At B. Altman & Company, Fifth Avenue and 34th Street. New York 16, Cresca presents three brightly-coloured pottery dishes from Italy set in a brass-plated stand. Their contents: three cheese dips . . . sharp cheddar, blue cheese. and onion-flavoured cheddar ($7.50 the set plus postage). To use as dippers, there are Cresca Italian Slim Bread Sticks (43¢ for 4½ oz. package plus postage).

At Vêndome, 15 East Forty-eighth Street, New York 17, New York State cheddar cheese may be found sitting on a ceramic tile in the centre of a 14-inch square wooden cheese tray. It's surrounded by pâté, crackers. olives. a tin of Prosciutto ham . . . a poignant way to tell a distant crony you're sad he can't make the party. The works, complete with ribbons—$19.75 plus 3% New York City tax and shipping. Also at Vêndome: an old fashioned mild country-cured Virginia ham, quite reassuring to have on the premises come mid-December. Order a 10-to-12 pound fellow at $1.50 per. Vêndome's fresh Beluga Caviar is $31.50 a 14-oz. tin plus postage, and an airplane will carry it most of the way to its destination directly upon receipt of your order. Whole fresh goose liver is flown from France twice a week. and one pound is $20; one half a pound is $10—plus air-mail postage in each case. From England to Vêndome come Carr Biscuits. now in a new biscuit-preserver box (about 3½ lbs., $4 plus postage).

Another biscuit source to be noted is Ellen Grey, 712 Madison Avenue. New York 21. where Romary's Old Kent Buttery Biscuits are once more to be had (12-oz. tin. $1.59). In addition to biscuits. the store carries new Cresca jams: wild bramble jam. English Morello cherry and red currant jelly; each 14-oz. jar, 75 cents. Likewise from Cresca: fancy shad roe to chill or to heat, or to wrap in bacon to grill; 10-oz., $1.59. For all of the above, shop's minimum is $3 plus postage. Also from Ellen Grey, but for New York City delivery only: a brace of pheasants smoked and cured in the Catskill Mountains. $17.

Many letters to Santa mention a complete herb set, and the House of Herbs, Inc., Salisbury, Conn., is as usual ready to oblige. This year they are proud of what is said to be the first modern cabinet with doors that really protect the flavour of the herbs and spices within. Made of highly polished pine with white enamel herb designs on the doors, it holds 35 4¼-oz. jars, is 17¼" wide x 24½" high, $39.50 postpaid. (Holding 21 herbs and spices, three herb wine vinegars and one barbecue sauce, it's $35 postpaid.) Two new House of Herbs' products to make a quick dip with, Angel Dip and Pink Poppyseed Dip, come in a 4-jar box along with Dash and chopped chives, $2.25.

The spice fancier will also appreciate a charming rack from France that holds 20 spices in plastic containers, including such offbeat numbers as powdered laurel and juniper along with the regular lineup, and is $5 postpaid at Caviarteria. 870 Madison Avenue, New York 21. They are also glad to send out postpaid a 2-lb. block of their pâté maison, filled with truffles (2 lbs., $5). They will pay the postman, too, to bring you a large tin of Clement Faugier Marrons Glacés (candied chestnuts—1 lb., 12 ozs., $5).

Condiments to be looked into come from Orlemonde Products. Housatonic. Mass. They make a delicious mustard. not too thick. not too liquid, not too strong, not too mild. Its name: Skipper's Choice Wine Mustard (3 8-oz. bottles of same in a Clipper Ship gift box, $3.80). Also from Orlemonde: "Hurry-Curry," which makes a faultless curry sauce instantly. Order this with Clipper Ship Chutney. (A gift box of three 8-oz. bottles in any combination, $4.70.) Prices for the above include tax, postage, insurance and gift-wrap. Back to that wife-saver, the ready-to-serve ham. and into Old Denmark. 135 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York 22, where among the delicacies is a whole Danish smoked ham to be eaten paper thin with peeled, sliced fresh pears, with crusty bread . . . or all by itself (5½ lbs., $16.95). Keeps two years. Three pounds of Danish, unsalted smoked salmon will be airmailed to you postpaid ($13.20). Xmas would not be Xmas in many households without Old Denmark's Christmas Stollen. a sweet coffee cake that should be served for breakfast on The Morning (and several previous and subsequent to it, for this Stollen's guaranteed to keep six months!). About four pounds is $5.95 postpaid.

Another Christmas tradition from the Old World has come to B. Altman & Co.. Fifth Avenue and 34th Street. New York 16. Sell's Specialties, importers of the Christmas Panforte and Pane Angelico, are now bringing in an after-dinner candy new to us, but old to residents of Siena, Italy. Copate Natale Pepi consists of delicious layers of nougat between edible, paper-thin wafers with a refreshing orange flavour (17 ozs. for $3.80; postage extra).

The discovery this year at Bloomingdale's, Lexington Avenue and 59th Street. New York 22. is French fruit in cognac. Apricots in same are $4.85 for the 2-lb.. 7-oz. jar. Grapes, $3.65, 2 lbs., 5 oz. Greengage plums, $4.25, 2 lb., 7 ozs. Pineapple chunks in rum, 1 lb.. 2 ozs. are $2.45; in kirsch. 1 lb.. 2 ozs.. $2.45. These fruits are packed by Crosette in France. For a wonderful hot compote, combine two or three of them. add slivered blanched almonds and more brandy. Serve flaming.

Dinner produced by a Chambord chef has its own special implications, which might be nice to pass on to an appreciative person who's beyond the commuting range of Third Avenue. Happily a whole Chambord meal. frozen right on the well-known premises and done up in a properly gift-like box, can be ordered by phone or mail from Le Café Chambord Gourmet Shop. 805 Third Avenue. New York 22. and delivered to its destination in fast order. You might choose from these: the "Gourmet Dinner." which involves three courses and serves two people: sea food au gratin; cream of pea soup (made with white wine); duckling with orange sauce and soufflèed potatoes . . . $12.75: the "Chambord Royale" for two is $11.75 and consists of cream of lobster bisque, Cornish hen stuffed with wild rice, and again. the enormously puffable soufflé potatoes; the "Emperor Dinner" serves eight, costs $100; it comes packed in a 2½-quart solid copper chafing dish and includes sea food au gratin, cream of asparagus soup with white wine. whole roast duckling with orange sauce, soufflèed potatoes and chocolate soufflé. not to forget after-dinner mints. With any of the above or separately, the Chambord for an extra $3.50 provides frozen Crêpes Suzette with every ingredient but the liqueurs. Among the details to be observed in ordering from Chambord: there is a minimum order on the dinners

(Continued on page 168)

Beauty

by the eyeful



Quick brush-up on eyebrows and lashes with Maybelline's Brush 'N Comb. 40c.
Royal Eye Creme, a highly-vitaminized, gently penetrating emollient from DuBarry. $3.50* at Saks Fifth Avenue.
To clear and comfort tired eyes, Elizabeth Arden's Special Eye Lotion. $1.50* at Bloomingdale's.
New eyelid glossing, a silvery shadow by Aziza: Oversheen. Comes in mirror compact. $2.50* at Bonwit Teller.
Crème Appateer, by Jaquet, works day and night for smoother, firmer skin around the eyes. $2.50*. Jaquet's Medicated Pads for eyes erase circles, signs of stress in 20 minutes. $2.75*. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue.
For sensitive or allergy-prone skin, an unscented eye-shadow stick by Ar-Ex in four colours: turquoise, golden brown, grey, and azure blue. Comes in an easily used swivel case. $1.50* at Macy's.
Eyeliner pencils by Swick with an emphasis on colour news: in gold, silver, and white. 75c* at Stern's.

*PLUS TAX









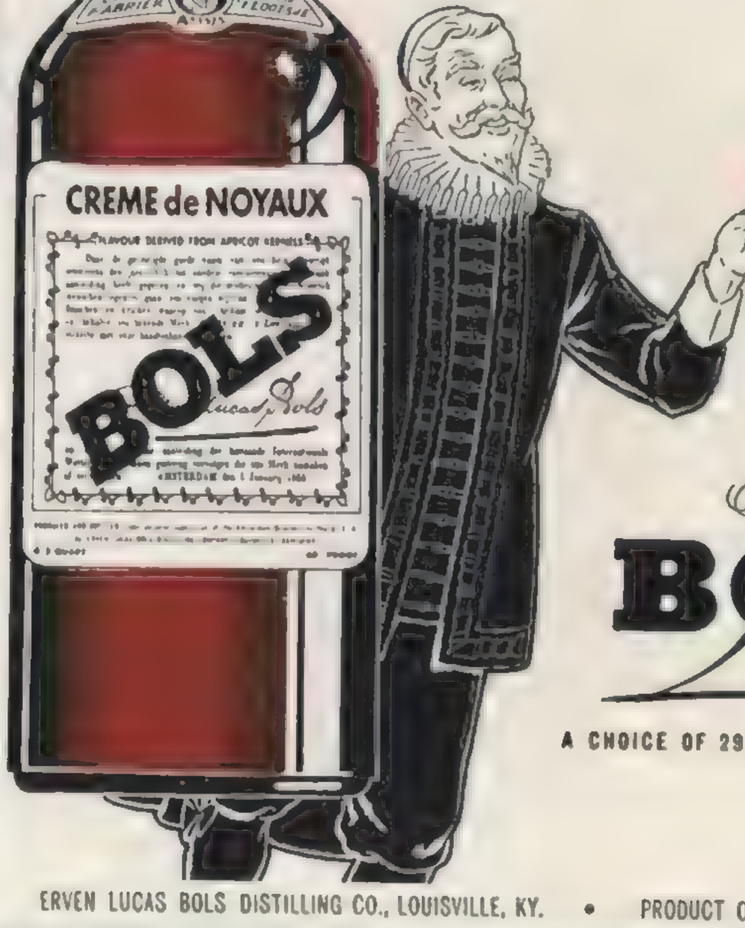
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1 part Bols White Creme de Cacao (54°)
1 part light cream
Shake with ice and strain into chilled cocktail glass.



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A fool there is

BY ANN WARREN GRIFFITH

The trouble I have with gift certificates is the same as the trouble some people have with strong drink. I just can't handle them. They befuddle my reason; they lead me on to wild excesses; and if I get many more of them, they could bring about my financial ruin. I've never experienced difficulty in parting with real money, but I can not get rid of gift certificates, though I can spend them in theory ten times over.

Like this: my husband and I are having a cocktail at the bar of an expensive and fabulously good restaurant. We plan to have exactly one drink, then move on to a cheaper and far less good restaurant for dinner. From the bar we watch and smell the glorious dishes being eaten by others. Just as my husband is about to pay, I have a brilliant thought.

"Let's spend the gift certificate here," I propose.

"But we can't," he answers, "it's only good at Jarnet's."

"But we can," I cry. "Listen—I need a pair of shoes. Right? The money for them is here in my pocketbook. So let's spend that for dinner and I'll get the shoes at Jarnet's, instead of a 'gift.'"

The frailest excuse is all we need anyway, and we are soon happily absorbed in the menu. Since it's all in the nature of a present, the sky's the limit. We have a marvellous dinner, costing twice as much as the value of the certificate, if you include the wine. Later, I do go through the motions of trying to convert the certificate into shoes. However, Jarnet's hasn't quite what I need, making it necessary to buy them elsewhere, for cash. Thus I have spent the certificate twice—or is it three times?—and still have it.

A gift certificate is a tyrant, yammering to be spent, constantly propelling its owner into the store of its origin. So my husband and I decide we would like, though we do not positively need, some new glasses. I spend an hour browsing in Jarnet's, picking up this glass and that, mentally sipping from each one. It is a difficult choice. Left alone, I might make it successfully, but my unconscious, which for reasons of its own wants me to hang on to that certificate just as badly as I want to, takes over. The unconscious is clairvoyant, and mine cannily steers me into selecting the one glass in all Jarnet's that is out of stock. But it is such a beauty. I'll go and find it in some other store. And I'm so pleased when I do find it in another store that I pay cash.

Things go no better when I determine, maturely and worthily, to send someone else a gift with my gift certificate. I find the gift, take out the certificate. "But it's for *me*," the child in me whines, "It was given to *me*—it's *mine!*" I stuff it back and pull out cash.

The Jarnet certificate is worth $15. Crouching alongside it in my pocketbook is another certificate, worth $10 at a book and record store. I can't get rid of it either. The trouble here is that the book and record store is a non-cut-rate one and it is very uneconomical for people in our circumstances to patronize it. Therefore, each time we decide on a record we would like to get with the certificate I thriftily go instead to Sam Goody's cut-rate record supermarket and buy it there. When we decide to spend the certificate on books, I wind up at Macy's—"6% less for cash." We might possibly use it on some esoteric art book that Macy's doesn't carry, except that neither my husband nor myself particularly wants an esoteric art book.

Even more insidious than the free-spending non-spending of the certificates themselves is their intoxicating over-all effect. They make me feel so rich. Knowing they are there in my purse inclines me to pick out a rib roast instead of chuck, a good whiskey instead of a cheap gin, and to take taxis. Something's got to give. We can not support a whole new standard of living on a frozen twenty-five dollars.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mrs. Griffith's new book, in which this article appears, is called* Who Is Hiding in My Hide-A-Bed?

HOW TO EAT A CHRISTMAS LIST

(Continued from page 166)
to points west of St. Louis, Missouri, and it is $22.50, f.o.b. Manhattan.

With the General Foods' "Gourmet Foods" that you'll find at Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York 22, you may custom-make a gift package to correspond with the preferences of the addressee. For instance, a Cocktail Medley could include the Cocktail Biscuit Assortment, Numaki Spread (chicken liver pâté with chopped water chestnuts), Okaki Cocktail Bits, Dill Marinated Mushrooms, Danish Cocktail Sausages. The price for this assortment would be $4.55 plus postage. Another could be composed of Böckling Pâté, Shrimp in Dill Sauce, Canapé Cuplets, Viking Brochettes, and Chili Toasted Coconut (this for $4.75). Their Four Beverages make a delightful gift: Subtle Tea, Peak Season Assam Tea, Breakfast Coffee, and Café Diable Mix ($5.45). If your friend observes teatime, this group would charm: Choice Strawberry Preserves, Canapé Cuplets, and Subtle Tea, $3.45. Or, for $3.60, Peak Season Assam Tea with Flemish Chocolate Biscuits. Postage extra for all of the above.

"WHERE CAN IT END?"

(Continued from page 123)

his teasing of them both and his mocking echoes of their girlish phrases. He had felt in those days wonderfully indulgent. "Bring Lalla back with you," he always told Sophy. "It is sad for you to be alone—and sad for her, too." Lalla—the poor orphan child—lived with an aunt, but was more often, in school holidays, at Ancaster, with Sophy.

"Now, Lalla," he said, in a severe voice. He leant back in his chair and folded his arms with a show of excessive patience. "If you snort again, you must be sent away."

"Oh, please, I *ache*," she implored Sophy, holding the ball of wool tight to her ribs, her beautiful eyes glittering with tears.

"Oh, please, I *ache*, Sophy," said Colonel Vellacott.

"I am only telling you what happened," Sophy said, with what Lalla called her straight face.

The end of the wool slipped from her fingers, she sank back on her heels and looked up at her father, at last returning his gaze, smiling with love and delight, but with a reserve of mischief, too, and that pleased him most of all, it was what gave reality to her warm-heartedness. If she were dissembling her gaiety and friendliness, she would not have dissembled *that*, he thought. It would not have occurred to her as a necessary ingredient of mirth.

Sophy kept up her spirits throughout dinner and then flagged. It was her long journey, the other two said and she agreed. "And you miss the clarity of that air," her father added.

But there were other exhaustions she could less easily endure and the chief was, she saw, that she had cast herself in a rôle that would take too much from her.

She remembered—and this was after she had said good night and gone to her room—long ago and when her mother was alive, she herself perhaps five or six years old, being taken on a train journey, from Edinburgh, her mother's old home it may have been. Kneeling in her corner seat, breathing on the window, breathing and wiping, in stupefying boredom, she had begun suddenly to talk in baby talk demanding, for no reason she could now recall, in a lispy, whiny voice that had never been her own, a "chocky bikky." Her mother, gently remonstrating, had made publicly clear that this odd voice was to be regarded as a game. "Icky chocky bikky," Sophy had insisted, pouting. It was then that she had first realized her own power of mimicry; power it was and went to her head. She had *become* the nauseating infant she impersonated. The performance had been tiring, and, in the end, Sophy had become sickened by her own creation, caught in its tentacles and quite unable to escape. Everyone else was tired, too; she knew that her mother was desperate and that glances were exchanged; but she seemed powerless to end the misery. It was too late to speak suddenly in her own voice. Badgered, exhausted, and embarrassed, she had at last burst into tears, taking refuge, as she wept, against her mother's arm. "Overtired," the grownups said. "Such a long journey. She's stood up to it very well."

Lalla and her father had said good night and used the same words, though now the climate was to blame as well. The acting had exhausted her, and nothing else. She could have cried, as she had when a young girl, "Oh, my darling Mamma, why did you have to die?" The words were so loud in her head and her breast that she might have said them aloud. They returned with the aching familiarity of a long time ago, when she had lain in bed after lights-out at boarding school, or on their first Christmas Eve alone, with her father trying to remember everything her mother had always done, so that Sophy should not be deprived of one sprig of holly or Christmas-tree candle. In the end, unbelievably, the words had become a habit and lost their pain. Her life without her mother was different from before, but it was, after all, the same life. If Mamma had been here, she sometimes thought, accepting that she could not be.

This evening, the phrase sprang at her with a sudden freshness, the first time for years. She sat down on the edge of her bed and her hands dropped into her lap, palms upward in a gesture of hopeless inertia. If she were alive, she thought she would be downstairs with father, and Lalla here

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May we take you to our leader...

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"WHERE CAN IT END?"

(Continued from page 169)

with me, as she ought to be. Or not under this roof at all. And I should be relieved of this tiring pretence that won't end with the end of the train journey, as it did before. It will be there waiting for me in the morning and all the mornings after—having to be gay and unself-conscious—as if it were a perfectly normal thing for one's father to marry one's school friend—fifty-three and eighteen and all plotted and planned with me safely out of the way. In a foreign country, she added, feeling self-pity. I must be gracious and hand over my home and my place in it and have, day in, day out, my constant companion chosen for me.

Sometimes, at school, Lalla had stolen marches on her. She could remember well the case of the borrowed treasure and the broken promise, the forgotten appointment, the betrayed confidence. Many instances came to her mind from the dark place where they had long ago been thrust impatiently away.

I must get away, she thought, I must run away, as soon as I have come home. In Switzerland, she had longed for it so much, in that clear air her father had mentioned, faced for months at a time with the monotony of the snow, and the dark trees that never shed their leaves, as trees ought, she was sure. "Write to me about England," she had begged her father and Lalage. "Describe a nice drizzle, a beautiful muggy evening with the fallen leaves sticking to the pavements. *You* describe it for me, though; not I to you."

Instead, they had written to say that they were getting married. They had met several times in London, for both had been lonely, missing Sophy. In their loneliness they had flown together, and clung, and wished to remain so forever. The loneliness had been much stressed—orphan and widower, as they constantly referred to themselves. Companionship (and Sophy was to share in this, too) and common interests (both liked going to plays, but seldom did so) were enlarged upon. Love itself was not once mentioned and Sophy was glad that it was not. She was to fly home for the wedding—very quiet, just the three of them and Lalage's aunt. But Sophy would not go. She was on her way up to a chalet for the winter sports and had made arrangements which she could not confuse. She knew that they were glad to have her stay in Switzerland and she was glad to do so, although she was sure that if she had not gone there in the first place, she could have prevented things from reaching such a pass.

Her bedroom, above her father's, overlooked the courtyard and when she heard footsteps out there, she went across to the window and looked out. It was almost dark. Lalage and her father were going for a walk in the rain. He opened the courtyard door onto the street and as Lalage passed through it, put his hand on her shoulder.

Ah, yes, and bedtime, too, Sophy thought turning away. I daresay there's nothing to stop her having a baby even. It is perfectly possible.

Their footsteps and voices faded away down the street. The drizzle continued, and downstairs Miss Sully was singing "Oh What a Beautiful Morning."

I must get a job, Sophy thought. Without a day's delay.

• Sophy's job was soon a great topic of conversation. At every meal some new one came to mind, and Sophy grinned, and wondered if her face would crack in two, as her heart must.

"Oh, hush, I can't hear of it," Lalage would beg her husband, and stuff her fingers in her ears. "Sophy, please! You will make me think you are running away from *me* and it will be as Miss Sully predicted." She kept her hands pressed to her cheekbones, ready to make herself deaf again, if necessary. Her bracelets slid down her thin arms to her elbows. Her eyes were full of pleading.

Affected, Sophy thought. She used not to be. Father loves it.

"I always meant to get a job," she said. "I couldn't have just stayed here and looked after the house—which Miss Sully does much better anyhow." But this was dangerous ground and she stepped from it quickly. "I should have taken the secretarial course with you, Lalla, if Father hadn't made me go to Switzerland first."

"Made?" said Colonel Vellacott.

"Persuaded, then."

"Your French was horrible."

"Well, made me, then."

"You'd have loathed the secretarial school." Lalla said complacently. "I hated every moment."

And was glad to leave it and get married, Sophy thought. So it was typing and shorthand that drove you to it. He hasn't, after all, a spectacular enough amount of money to be married for. And love? If you love him, you show none of it. Perhaps I inhibit you and force you to keep it for when you are alone. In which case, the sooner I go, the better.

She felt absurdly in the way, but also shut out that they should turn to secrecy because of her.

• It was not easy to slip away from Lalage, her too-constant companion, but, one morning, she managed to, and set out, as if on an illicit errand, through wet alleyways towards the Market Place. It had rained for all of the fortnight she had been at home, but had this morning stopped. The clouds had lifted and broken open, and bright light, though not yet quite sunshine, poured down over the puddles and dripping eaves. Slate roofs dried rapidly and pavements steamed. It was the end of April.

"We begin the second of May," said the principal of the secretarial school in Market Street. She underlined this date on the application form. "Your father will complete this for you." She thought it strange for the girl to come there on her own, making enquiries. Sophy stared at the woman's hands, that were a dark plum colour, scarred from broken chilblains. Clumsy as they were, she used them affectedly, drawing attention to them with hooked fingers as she wrote, and then by twisting round an engagement ring of dull little diamonds.

"I know your father very well," Miss Priestley said. "Although I don't suppose he would be able to place *me*. I was a reporter once upon a time on the Ancaster *Herald* and used to cover some of the Court cases when he was on the bench. And my late fiancé was in his regiment in the war. He didn't come back," she added, in an affectedly casual

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"WHERE CAN IT END?"

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voice she had learnt at the cinema.

"I'm so sorry," Sophy murmured.

"Yes, we had been engaged for eleven years. But you don't want to listen to all my sad affairs."

Although this was true, Sophy felt obliged to make a sound which she hoped suggested denial as well as a certain amount of discouragement. If only there were something amusing in this, she thought. Something with which to decorate the plain statement when I tell them at lunch. But there was not: the bereaved Miss Priestley with her chilblains was saddening and unattractive and the office was stuffy and untidy, not a good example to the pupils.

The sun was shining when Sophy stood, dazed by its brightness, on the steps in Market Street. The Town Hall clock struck twelve. She hurried back home and was there before Lalla returned from the hairdresser's.

"Just *see* what they've done," was Lalla's piteous cry at luncheon. They had always done the same thing and Sophy only briefly glanced.

"Why don't you tell them?" asked Colonel Vellacott and seemed to have an edge of exasperation to his voice.

"I tell them and tell them. As smooth as smooth, I always say."

"It will settle down," Sophy said. "It always does."

They had just finished what Miss Sully called "chicken and all the trimmings."

"They've caught that man," Miss Sully said, as she lifted the dishes off the table. "They gave it out on the one o'clock news."

"What man?" asked Lalla, still fidgeting with her hair.

"The one that assaulted that little boy and then smothered him."

"Oh dear." Lalage frowned.

"I shouldn't have mentioned it, only I thought you'd like to know. It isn't very nice at mealtimes, I'm afraid." She stacked the plates and carried them away.

"I met someone this morning who knows you, Father," Sophy suddenly told him, deciding that as any kind of approach to her embarrassment would lead to it, this would do as well as any. "In fact, I did not so much meet her as go to see her."

Colonel Vellacott waited—with the calm of a man who has nothing to fear—for the mystery to unfold, but Lalla stopped eating, put her fork down on her plate and glanced anxiously at Sophy, who went on, "Though she says you would never be able to place *her*. *Can* you place someone called Miss Priestley, who has a secretarial school—no, college, so sorry—in Market Street?"

"No. She is right. I can't."

"Is she from your past?" Lalla asked. "Poor Miss Priestley! I am glad that I am in your present."

"No, she simply wrote down in shorthand things you said in Court," Sophy explained. "And her fiancé was in the regiment and was killed, but I don't think she blamed you for it."

"It was generous of her. Especially as I survived. I should have thought she would have resented that."

"Why did you go to see her?" Lalla asked, taking up her fork again.

"She is going to teach me to be a secretary."

"Oh no! Then I shall come too, I won't be left here on my own. May I go, too, John?"

"You know that we agreed not to be sisters," Sophy told her. "You have to learn to be my Mamma and stay at home while I go off to school."

"I shall be lonely."

"Mothers are. Though perhaps they get used to it, and even rather like it in the end."

"Why did you go about the business in so odd a way?" her father asked. "There was no necessity to be secretive. If you wanted to do it at all, you should have said so."

"I said, and said."

"We thought you were joking."

"Yes, I knew you thought that."

"And I might have been consulted, I should have thought. I could have done much better for you than this Miss Whatshername, of whom I certainly have never heard."

"Then why did you do nothing?"

"Now, Sophy, don't try to be cool with me. You are only just home from Switzerland and there was all the time in the world to

(Continued on page 172)



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"WHERE CAN IT END?"

(Continued from page 171)

make arrangements."

"I never like to do things at a leisurely pace," Sophy said, looking calmly at him. "One may as well get on with life." As you did, her voice implied.

"But we know nothing of this Miss Thingummy. She seems a strange end to your education."

"It is what I want, Father."

Lalla, murmuring "Coffee," left the room.

"I was bringing it," said Miss Sully, who was never caught out. The tray was in her hands.

Instead of going ahead to the drawing room, Lalla ran upstairs murmuring, "Handkerchief."

In the dining room Colonel Vellacott and his daughter were arguing. "Unlike you, Sophy," Miss Sully heard.

"I've put the coffee in the drawing room," she said, then hurried forward to rearrange the fire. But there was nothing for her to listen to but the sound of their chairs being pushed back. "Madam will be down directly," she added.

This was unanswerable and unanswered. Sophy crossed the hall to the drawing room and, without sitting down, carelessly poured out her father's coffee and her own. She took hers over to the window seat and began to sip it, lifting the cup only a little from its brimming saucer. She supposed that Lalla was upstairs, waiting for them to finish their quarrel.

• Displeased and austere Colonel Vellacott remained for days, wearing what Sophy called his doge's face. With Lalage, too, and in private, he was reserved. Rebellion was in the air—a youthful contagion that he intended should not spread. Don't *you* go running to some Miss Thingummy, or even worse, his mood seemed to warn her.

That Sophy's action was hardly drastic he constantly reminded himself, but her way of taking it had been cold and secretive. For her to earn her own living was nothing other than he intended and desired, but it seemed to him that there was no desperate need and that for a month or two she might have helped him out with Lalla. "Helped me out" was his own phrase. He had seen what he called "bride's despondency" in Lalage's eyes, in spite of her bright smiles and her laughter. He did not know how to cheer her up; his time was so much given over to public work and there was no theatre here in Ancaster. She was lonely and suffering reaction from the sudden adventure of their courtship and wedding. He could not hide his anxiety that the house was dull and silent and—with all his Italian décor long ago perfected—too completed. She had simply taken over what was there and had had nothing to contribute. Although he was pleased with what he had done, he began to wonder if it was what a bride would hope for. "One day, we will have a change," he had promised, but could not bring himself to move one fern or sconce. She had insisted—not knowing what was good for her—that nothing should be touched and that she loved it exactly as it was.

Sophy's homecoming had raised her spirits and he himself had felt freer and happier and less anxious. He looked forward to entering the house when he returned from his meetings. People who have had the best of both worlds are the crossest of all when the best in one is lost, and he knew this and scolded himself, but the doge's face remained and, inhibited by his new habit of sternness, he found himself unable to make love to Lalage. The marriage, Miss Sully thought, was crumbling even more quickly than she had predicted.

• At Miss Priestley's Sophy was by far the eldest girl and the slowest one at learning, too. Miserably, she bowed her head over the abominable hooks and dots of her shorthand, or touch-typed rows of percentage signs or fractions instead of "Dear Sirs, We beg to confirm receipt of your esteemed order."

The other girls had left school at sixteen and seemed as quick as birds with their taking down and reading back, always put their carbon paper in the right way round and never typed addresses on upside-down envelopes.

Sometimes, instead of going to tea, she would buy an evening paper and read it in a little café in Market Street. The idea of punishment being in the air, it suited her to think of her teacup on the tray at home, unfilled. There, in the Oak Beams Tea Shop, she met Graham Dennis again. He was working in a solicitor's office nearby and had so grown up that she had not recognized him.

• The Dennis' parties were famous in Ancaster, and Sophy had been going to them for as long as she could remember. Mrs. Dennis always described herself as putting herself out for her young people and was not content with Christmas and birthday parties. There were Halloween parties and garden parties, and parties at the New Year and on Guy Fawkes Day. Her husband could find no escape. If there were not children bobbing for apples in the hall, they were playing charades in several rooms, or hunting for treasure all over the house. "I shall rope Herbert in," Mrs. Dennis told her friends, who, rather aggrieved because she put them so much to shame, wondered how she could manage. Herbert had been roped in to let off fireworks or be Father Christmas. Lately, as Denise and Graham were no longer children, Herbert was roped in to make claret cup or dance with an odd girl out.

Sophy remembered even the first parties, when she was a little girl. After the exquisite orderliness of her own home, the great, shabby, untidy house with its lighted windows and its noise infected her with delicious excitement.

Mrs. Dennis was always kindness itself. "You are only young once," she often told her children and their friends and made sure that, as well as youth, they had as many other delights lavished on them as she could find time and money to bestow. At the back of her mind, she knew that the two most important parties of all would come at the end; even in nursery days, watching the little ones departing with their balloons and presents, she felt that she was only rehearsing for the culmination of it all—Denise's wedding and Graham's twenty-first birthday. Now, both were looming in the same year and "loom" was her own word for their approach. She was confident that she would surpass herself—

the Dennis wedding would be talked about for years. Beyond it lay a blank future for Mrs. Dennis, but first would come Graham's twenty-first birthday and any champagne left over from that would come in later for the wedding. Only one thing perplexed her, as they went over the list of invitations. Lalage, when staying with Sophy, as she so often was, had always been invited too. For years and years, she had attended the Dennis parties.

"We couldn't leave her out now," Mrs. Dennis said.

"And how possibly ask her?" Graham said. "Husbands and wives go to parties together. You'd have to ask that old man."

"He is only your father's age," Mrs. Dennis said, but she knew that that was what Graham meant. It was an awkward situation. She realized that she and Herbert were only at the parties themselves in order to see that the food and drink were plentiful and available.

"How sad to leave her out, after all these years, poor girl," she said.

• Lalage felt both sad and embarrassed when Sophy's invitation came. Her husband, watching her show of unconcern, realized for the first time the consequences of their romance. The marriage, surviving important hazards, seemed now as likely as not to founder upon trivial matters, on this invitation, for instance, and others that would follow. Lalage had been ardent and generous in her love, to come first in someone's life exalted her and, radiant and incredulous, she had given herself in gratitude. Yet, at the sight of an invitation to a party, she appeared to falter, she glanced away and was confused and could not hide her feelings that she had placed herself in a special position with her contemporaries, was being markedly pushed by them into the ranks of the middle-aged.

Sophy, her father realized, was no longer making things easier, but worsening them. The sooner she could go away and leave them, the better for them all. He could perfectly see this now and wondered how he could hasten what he had so lately tried to prevent.

"As you seem so sure about your typing and shorthand," he said one day, with a great show of tolerance, "and are really settled to it, I am quite willing for you to do the thing properly, to go up to London and train at some reputable place."

But Sophy had not settled to her shorthand and typing; every day she fell back, as the other girls progressed; and now she no longer wanted to go away from Ancaster, having, at the twenty-first birthday party, fallen in love with Graham Dennis.

Graham and Sophy had rediscovered one another, as young people do who have lived in the same neighbourhood for years and then been separated by school, so that, meeting in the holidays, they seem almost total strangers. Violent changes of height and voice and manner were bewildering and shyness descended. Now, with all the changes made—as they thought—quite grown-up and likely to remain the same forever, they could sum one another up, and come to a conclusion. Sophy and Graham concluded that they were in love, that they must always have loved, though first immaturity and then separation had hindered their acceptance of the fact.

To Colonel Vellacott, Graham's National Service had not made the man of him it should. Nonchalant and without ambition, he had spent two years cheerfully peeling potatoes or drinking in the Naafi. Promotion had seemed to him quite as undesirable as it was unlikely. To Colonel Vellacott's questions, on their first meeting after some years, he gave unsatisfactory answers. Nor did Colonel Vellacott like his clothes—his dirty cord trousers and suède shoes and vivid pull-overs. Particularly he disliked—and in a cathedral city it was out of place, as Graham himself was—the car he drove. It was an old London taxi, painted yellow, with window-boxes and lace curtains. Once, Graham had written across the back, "Do not laugh, Madam, your daughter may be inside." In love, and serious at last, he had painted this over.

Even so, that *his* daughter should be inside annoyed Colonel Vellacott considerably.

"Lots of young men have cars like it," Sophy told him. "It isn't smart to have a new one. The older and funnier the better."

"Not in a place like this."

"We can't *help* living in a place like this. And I think it's amusing. You were young once yourself, remember."

Lalage, who could not easily escape these much dreaded discussions, turned aside.

• Sophy and Lalla found their so gallantly planned relationship beginning to wear threadbare. It was difficult to keep up, especially as it was so unproductive of incredulity in others—its primary aim. Their affection for one another was too easily taken for granted and few of their friends or acquaintances seemed to find it at all remarkable. Their laughter about the hackneyed jealousies that might have threatened them was joined in by their guests, who—so infectious was the gaiety—did not realize how much of relief it contained.

Sophy was the first to find the ordeal going on too long. It had become a mere routine of good behaviour, with no congratulation in it for herself. Miss Sully thought, observing the minute omens, that soon the situation would have more piquancy. Lalla seemed dull and puzzled, with nothing to do but mend her clothes, change her library books, and water all the ferns—too often, for they began to droop and rot away.

One morning, when Colonel Vellacott was in Court and Sophy at her typing school, Lalage, feeling more restless than ever, wandered into the kitchen, where Miss Sully was making stuffing for green peppers. Lalla sat on a corner of the table and watched, picking up bits of parsley and chewing them, holding pepper seeds on the tip of her tongue until it tingled.

Miss Sully, mixing raisins and rice, was talking of the days when she was companion to an old lady whose footman had interfered with one of the gardener's boys. She brought in many a Freudian phrase along with those of the cheapest newspapers and her voice dropped to its cathedral hush as it did when she talked of sex. One side of her neck was bright red. Deftly her fingers worked and when she took up a large knife and began to chop some mushrooms, she abandoned herself almost obscenely to the job. "What's for pudding?" Lalla asked, like a little girl, as soon as there was quiet again. It had never occurred to her that she might order meals herself. She had once timidly put forward a suggestion that Colonel Vellacott would like jugged hare, but had been told that hare was out of season.

"Well, what *shall* we have?" Miss Sully asked suddenly indulgent. The names of

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"WHERE CAN IT END?"

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puddings at once went from Lalla's head, although Miss Sully had such a repertoire of them—there was Cabinet Pudding and High Church Pudding and Guardsman's Pudding and even Railway Pudding. They were mostly sponge mixtures, differing with a dash of spice, or jam, or a handful of candied peel. Lalla could never remember which was which.

"What about rice pudding?" she asked. "I haven't had that since I was at school."

"Well, we can't very well have rice two courses running, can we?" Miss Sully asked, laughing gently and pointing at the dish of peppers, now ready for the oven. "And you will have to give me plenty of warning for rice pudding, because the grain must soak at least an hour, you know."

Lalage hadn't known.

"Is there anything I can do?" she asked, jumping down from the table. It was only eleven o'clock.

"Well, now, you could run the ribbon through the hem of Miss Sophy's petticoat. I know she'll be wanting it this evening. Then I can get on with some scones for tea." ("Without you under my feet," she seemed to imply.) By the time she had told Lalla where to find the petticoat and then the ribbon and then the bodkin, she thought that she could have done the job herself.

"The shiny side of the ribbon facing you, mind." she warned her, thinking, "Really, she's as useless as a little doll."

When Lalla had finished that small task, she carried the petticoat to Sophy's room and laid it carefully on the bed, hoping she would be touched and grateful when she discovered it there. And I would do anything for her, she thought, if there were anything else to do.

She went over to the window and looked down into the courtyard—so still and full of heat and the scent of honeysuckle this sunny morning. On the wall below her was the starry jasmine that framed her own bedroom window. She leaned out, resting her elbows on the rough stone sill, feeling insecurely attached in space and time—the seconds would never tick on till luncheon, or the silence be broken, or the sun ever again go in.

It was the room behind her that overcame, at last, her sense of unreality; though she had turned her back upon it, she felt it awaiting her attention—Sophy's room, where Sophy shut the door on all that she pretended downstairs and was confronted by her own thoughts, that she kept imprisoned in this place. They were almost palpably imprisoned, Lalla suddenly felt, and she spun round quickly from the window as if to catch them unawares.

The room was menacing to her now and laden with treachery, its air heavy with secrets. The clock ticked slyly and a curtain lifted slowly and sank back full of warning. It was an alien territory and one where Lalla knew she had no right to be. Even the way the towels hung by the basin expressed hostility, she thought, and so did the truculent angle of the looking glass. It did not seem too fanciful to imagine mute things infected by Sophy's own antagonism.

A letter addressed to Graham lay on the writing table, the envelope unsealed and the pages sticking out from it as if as a reminder that they were to be added to, or something else enclosed.

In terror, Lalla thought, I could find out, if I cared to, just where I stand with her and why, for weeks, she has shrugged me aside in that bright, cold way.

She recoiled and then, almost immediately, stepped quickly forward and drew the pages from the envelope, very careful to make no sound, lest Miss Sully, far below in the kitchen, would prick up her ears and sense the treachery.

It is the worst thing people can do to one another, she told herself, and I knew nothing about myself, when I believed that I could not.

The first lines—Sophy's lament at Graham's absence for five whole days—Lalla passed over. She was looking only for her own name and, sure that she would find it, turned to the second page.

"Father, of course, will disapprove and say that I should not go, for he gets more stuffy and morose each day. Anyone young is what he can't bear nowadays, and all that we two do is

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"WHERE CAN IT END?"

(Continued from page 174)

vulgar and absurd. I wish that Lalla would try to be a wife to him and not a romping schoolgirl still. I should think he would like to be quiet for awhile and serious, and so should I. To see him all the time exposed to her high spirits—that gather *me* in, but exclude him—and in any case they are far beyond his powers—is quite painful. He is less and less in the house, and when he is, is so sour and gruff. But he can't—so far—be gruff with *her*, so is with me instead. Where can it end? But all the same, I'll brave his wrath and tell him that I'll go away with you."

There was no more. Very gently, Lalla folded the pages and put them inside the envelope. Then she tiptoed from the room. Her heart beat so loudly that she thought it would betray her. Her hands were icy cold, and hurt, as if they had touched poison.

• She tried to eat luncheon but failed. The sight of the dish of peppers reminded her of how short a time ago she had been sitting in the kitchen, bored and restless, but still innocent and loving.

"Perhaps it is a baby already," Sophy thought, when Lalla, too sick to stay, had left the room. She now had her father to herself and in a nonchalant voice said, "Graham and I think of going to France in August, as soon as Denise's wedding is over."

"You couldn't choose a worse month," said Colonel Vellacott and threw down his napkin and stood up. "I'm worried about Lalla. I think I'll go up to her." Sophy sat alone. Her eyebrows were raised and she looked down at her plate with an air of surprise and curiosity.

• Afterwards she went to her bedroom. The petticoat threaded with its scarlet ribbon lay on the bed, and she wondered if Lalla had done it. She could imagine her trying to while away her mornings with one trivial task after another, spending as long upon them as she could. She pictured her standing in this sunny room, with the petticoat over her arm, feeling lonely and out-of-place. Then a fearful intuition sprang upon Sophy and she swung round and looked for the letter she had so carelessly left on the table. It lay there, just as she expected, and with a trembling hand she picked it up and stared at it. "I have been read," it seemed to say.

• Miss Sully could now watch things worsening daily. The laughter had worn off; it was strange to her that it had lasted so long.

Lalla recovered from her sickness, but was dispirited. Her attitude towards her husband changed, was appealing and conciliatory and overanxious. With Sophy she was reserved. They had drawn a long way apart and the distance was clouded with suspicions and mistrust.

Colonel Vellacott, as the letter had stated, was less and less in the house, and when she was alone, Lalla paced up and down, clasping her hands tight to her breast, and then the other words of the letter echoed over and over in her mind, with burning emphasis—"Where can it end? Where can it end?" "You are run down," her husband told her. He was wonderfully solicitous, yet bored. She seemed unreal to him, but he would do his best for her. This summer he was feeling his age; marriage had drawn too much attention to it, and so much youth in the house underlined it. Once, he had thought it would have the opposite effect.

"You need a holiday, poor Lalla. And you shall have one. In September I should be able to get away for a couple of weeks. How would you like to go to Florence?"

Yes, she would like to go to Florence and she smiled and nodded; but she thought, I am not really used to him *here*, and now I must try to get used to him in a foreign country.

She tried hard to be more wifely to him, but when she made attempts at serious discussion, he smiled so fondly, so indulgently, that she was aggravated. Sophy watched her attempts with grim understanding. I know what *this* is all about, she thought.

So they were all going abroad—Lalla and her husband sedately to Florence, and Sophy and Graham, full of secrecy and excitement to France. There was a great difference, Lalla thought.

• "I neglect you shamefully," said

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"WHERE CAN IT END?"

(Continued from page 175)

Colonel Vellacott. "I promise I will mend my ways after our holiday. I will come off some of my committees."

"But couldn't I go with you?" Lalla asked. "I should be so interested to hear you speak. Just this once?"

"You would be bored to death and, in any case, I'm afraid tonight's meeting is in camera."

To her own distress, her eyes filled with tears. She was most dreadfully sorry for herself and grieved that no one else was.

She knew that the tears were a pity and that he would think her more childish than ever. Where will it end? she wondered, as he patted her cheek, saying "Good-bye."

Sophy was out with Graham, Miss Sully listening to a murder play on the wireless in her sitting room. I could teach myself Italian, perhaps, Lalla thought, and she went to the study and looked along the shelves, but, though there were many books written in Italian, she could find none to teach the language to her. One was expected to know it already.

In Florence, they will all gabble away and leave me out of it, she thought, growing sorrier and sorrier for herself. It really is too bad. Now, they were to be joined in Italy by Major and Mrs. Mallett, old friends of the Colonel's, a pleasant elderly couple, who still regarded the Colonel as of a younger generation.

They are only going because he would be so bored with just me, Lalla thought, crossly. Oh, I have been complaisant far too long, she decided. I have tried hard and given in and got nowhere.

She thought that, instead of meekly waiting up for him, she would go up to bed, without telling Miss Sully even. She would turn out the lights and if she were not asleep when he came home, she would pretend to be.

A long drawn-out scream came from Miss Sully's wireless set as Lalla crossed the hall and went softly upstairs.

• When she awoke it was dark and she was still alone. She got out of bed and went to the window. Lamplight shone over leaves in the street beyond the wall and fell over the courtyard. The statues and urns looked blanched. In the centre was an ornamental stand for plants. Its wrought-iron lilies threw slanting shadows across the paving stones; she could even see the shadows of the fuchsia blossoms—real flowers, these—swinging upon the ground.

It was a romantic place in this light, and she knelt by the window looking down at it, quite awake now and refreshed by her sleep. Then she saw that Sophy and Graham found the place romantic, too. She had not noticed them at first, under the dark wall, clasped close together, as still as the tree beyond them. But before Lalla could turn away, she saw them move—they swayed lightly, like the fuchsia blossoms, as if rocked by the same faint air, of which they were so heedless.

She went back to bed and lay down and drew the covers over her, her eyes wide open to the darkness. "Defend me from envy, God," she prayed. But the poison of it gathered in her against her will and when it had filled her and she was overflowing with despair, tears broke in her like waves. Even Miss Sully, coming upstairs when the play was over, could hear her.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A small, pretty Englishwoman with large grey eyes, Elizabeth Taylor shares with Jane Austen the same school (the Abbey School in Reading, where Mrs. Taylor was born) and, as a writer, Miss Austen's self-definition, "a painter of . . . ivory miniatures." Mrs. Taylor's seventh and recent novel,* Angel, *a wise account of the circular trek between poverty and riches of a grasping, if pathetic, Edwardian woman novelist, is earthier than its predecessors but, like them, steeled with irony. Married to a boiled sweets manufacturer, Mrs. Taylor lives in an old Buckinghamshire village, a background she thinks "better . . . for a woman novelist." The mother of two children, she says of her seventeen-year-old daughter, "I suppose she might write too . . . she has one of those lock-up diaries with a key that she wears around her neck, which is rather an unnerving thing to have going on in the house." Vogue published Mrs. Taylor's short story,* After Hours of Suffering, *in July, 1949*

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